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MR. LOCKE'S GERMAN LETTERS

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Poetry.

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHEN my dreams come true—who may dreams come true—
Shall I loan from out my casement in the starlight and the dew,
To listen—smile and listen, to the tinkle of the strings
Of the sweet guitar my lover's fingers fondle as he sings?
And as the nude moon slowly, slowly shoulders into view,
Shall I vanish from his vision—when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—shall the simple gown I wear
Be changed to softest satin, and my maiden-braided hair
Be raveled into flossy mists of rarest, fairest gold,
To be minted into kisses, more than any heart can hold?
Or "the summer of my tresses" shall my lover liken to
"The fervor of his passion" when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among the sheaves
Of happy harvest meadows, and the grasses and the leaves
Shall I lift and lean between me and the splendor of the sun
Till the moon swoons into twilight; the gleaners' work is done—
Save that yet an arm shall bind me even as the reapers do
The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams come true!

When my dreams come true! when my dreams come true!
True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as dew—
The blossom in the blackest mold is kindlier to the eye
Than any lily born of pride that blooms against the sky.
And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome you,
My lowliest of lovers when my dreams come true.

A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the places we long to fill
We must push, and struggle, and strive;
And always and everywhere
We'll find in our onward course,
Thorns for the feet, and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way that we take,
The stouter the heart and the nerve;
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve;
For the glory is logic to win,
Our labors we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

Scarcely to do and to dare
Should we in our pinces stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountains high
The billows may rear and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm—
One more river to cross.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

IN THE ORCHARD.

The autumn leaves are whirled away;
The sober skies look down
On faded fields and woodlands gray,
And the dun-colored town.

Through the brown orchard's gusty aisle,
In sad-hued gown and hood
Slow passes, with a peaceful smile,
A maiden pure and good.

Her deep, serene and dove-like eyes
Are downward bent; her face,
Whereon the day's pale shadow lies,
Is sweet with nameless grace.

The frolic wind beside her blows;
The sear leaves dance and leap;
With hands before her clasped, she goes
As in a waking sleep.

To her the ashen skies are bright,
The russet earth is fair;
And more than shone a clearer light,
Nor breathed a softer air.

O wizard love! whose magic art
Transmutes to sun the shade,
Thine are the beams that fill the heart,
Of this meek Quaker maid.

—*James B. Kenyon in the Century.*

Our Story Teller.

A SHARP TRICK.

BY MAURICE MOSER,

Late Inspector, Criminal Investigation Department, Great Scotland Yard, London.

ONE springtime, some years back, I was brought into contact with a gang of "swell mobsmen" who had on many occasions, by a process well known to the swindling fraternity as "ringing the changes," obtained a large amount of very valuable property. Never in all my experience have I come across such an accomplished and audacious trio. They stuck at nothing to achieve their unworthy ends. To individualize these three persons, I must give my readers their names and descriptions. The first, a short, middle-aged, smooth-faced man, always neatly dressed in black, was known by his pals as "Scotch Jack." His duties chiefly consisted in lending the moral weight of his respectable appearance—a very necessary role to play in the department of life in which he took so active an interest. The second person was a man called Hulton, a kind of "general utility" man, who was quite prepared to play any part which might be allotted to him by his companions. He was a rather repulsive looking man, slightly pock-marked, and always wore a considerable amount of jewellry. I should think he must have been about 50 years of age. He was very powerful, and looked rather like a well-to-do or retired publican.

The third, but the recognized chief of the "concern," was a tall, middle-aged, military looking man, always very neatly dressed, nonchalant, of good appearance, slightly bronzed and with a suspicion of gray asserting itself among his fine head of crisp, black hair. To complete a decidedly distingue appearance, he constantly wore, with studied ease and elegance, an eyeglass. If I might be allowed to make the comparison, he was almost the counterfeit presentment of that highly-respected and popular gentleman, Mr. S. B. Bancroft, and was known to most of his unsuspecting victims, and also to the police, as "Colonel Melville." Mr. Bancroft will, I am sure, forgive me for making this odious comparison when I explain my reasons for doing so, which are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, in their charming book "On and Off the Stage," given an account in chapter 15 of unpleasant experiences they were subjected to by some persons passing themselves off as "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, of the Prince of Wales's Theater," on more than one occasion. I was very much struck with this statement at the time, and a perusal of my papers has since convinced me that "Colonel Melville" and a "lady"—the latter a barmaid from a well known hotel in the neighborhood of the Strand—visited Ventnor and Brighton at the dates mentioned in the book, and I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that it was this pretty pair who "doubled the character" and passed themselves off as Mr. and Mrs Bancroft. I have tried to verify my suspicions, but as the "barmaid" died about eighteen months ago and the "colonel" is still "inquisities" in prison, I have not been able yet to do so.

It is perhaps needless for me to say that "Scotch Jack," Hulton, and "Colonel Melville" were thoroughly hardened reprobates, all of whom had on more than one occasion occupied quarters in various prisons, both in London and the provinces. At the period I write of, Hulton was a ticket-of-leave-man, having just obtained his freedom from a seven year's incarceration for burglary in the neighborhood of Nottingham. Still, even this did not deter them, for they played for high stakes, and in the most business-like manner always constrasted the risks with the probable gains, determined to carry out their nefarious transactions to a successful issue if possible. The three characters, although well-known to Scotland Yard, seemed to care about as much for that fact as they did about the several terms of punishment they had undergone, and piloted their little games with a coolness and skill exceptionally remarkable, even with all their varied experiences.

So well known were these men to the police authorities that when there was any robbery or misdeed of an allied kind denoting an extra amount of cuteness in the execution thereof, the first people watched or visited were "Scotch Jack," Hulton, and "the colonel," in order to see how far these gentry had incriminated themselves. Personally I was very early made acquainted with them and their ways, and, deeming it prudent always to know something of their movements, either directly by my own investigations, or, indirectly, through my "informers," I was generally in a position, given a few hours' notice, to place my hands upon any one or all of them.

One day a well-known jeweler, in Bond street, came to the "Yard," and gave the particulars of a robbery which I here relate. One afternoon, about 3 o'clock, a gentleman drove up in a hansom to the shop, and asked for some of various articles—bracelets, rings, etc.,—to be sent in the course of an hour or so, for his selection and approval, to a certain hotel in Brook street, close by, explaining that, as he was in a hurry to transact other business, he could not make the selection there. This sending on approval is a very common, in fact, almost everyday transaction, and therefore caused no feeling of alarm in the heart of the worthy shopkeeper. In fact, that gentleman appeared only too willing to oblige a probable customer, for it was "off season" at the time, and purchasers had been few and far between for a considerable period preceding the call of the stranger.

A very strong, handsome leather case, generally used for this purpose, was brought into requisition, and carefully packed with, roughly speaking, about three thousand pounds' worth of very choice diamond and ruby mounted articles considered most likely to meet the requirements of the gentlemen wanting them. These were dispatched, punctually to the minute to the hotel in the care of the manager of the shop, an astute individual, who, for additional security's sake, was accompanied by the proprietor's son, a strapping, athletic young fellow of about twenty-two.

"Is Colonel Melville within?" asked the manager at the window inquiry office.

"Yes, sir, he has just gone up to his room. I will send him word that you wish to see him," said the office-keeper, knowing the manager, who had been there often enough waiting on other customers.

"Thank you."

"Mr. Harbert," said the manager presently, in a confidential tone, to the young man at the desk, "do you know anything of Colonel Melville?"

"No; he seems all right, though; been here about a month, and pays his bills regularly; has a private room and a valet," responded Mr. Harbert.

This satisfied the manager, and he and the jeweler's son sat down on the seat in the large hall provided for the use of callers. The "colonel's" pleasure was intimated to them in a few minutes by the valet making his appearance, and addressing them with the words:

"Are you the gentlemen from Mr. Rubistone's, of Bond street?"

"Yes."

"Please follow me; Colonel Melville will see you."

In a very comfortably-furnished room the jewelers found the "colonel," who was at that moment busily engaged in writing at an escritoire in a corner by the window.

"The gentlemen from Mr. Rubistone's," said the valet, who thereupon quietly left the room.

"Excuse me for a moment, gentlemen, whilst I finish this note, and pray take a seat," said the colonel, in a courteous and polished manner.

In a few moments the colonel had completed his writing. Turning round in his chair, and facing the manager and his companion, he said, "Now, if you please, I will see what you have got. I have an only daughter," continued the colonel, "who comes of age next week, and I wish to make her a decent present of some kind, and my friend, Sir Henry —— (giving a well-known name), with whom she is staying now, recommended me to your establishment as being the most likely place to find something uncommon.

The manager bowed, unlocked the case, and spread the glittering contents on the escritoire for the "colonel's" inspection.

After a considerable time had been spent in looking over them, the "colonel" selected a pair of earrings, a bracelet, and three rings, and upon inquiring the price was told eight hundred guineas, at which he expressed great surprise, as he did not wish to go above five hundred pounds. However, after a little parleying and judicious bargaining, he was told that seven hundred and twenty pounds would purchase them, which price he agreed to pay. Taking a check-book from a drawer, he wrote out a check, payable at Drummond's bank, for the amount, and handed it to the manager, who had by that time put the remaining articles back into the case.

"I am afraid," said the manager, deprecatingly, and hesitatingly, "that I cannot accept—"

"Ah," said the "colonel," interrupting, "I didn't think of its being my first transaction with you. Of course you cannot allow me to have the goods before the cheque is 'cleared.' and I shall anticipate that by letting you take the articles back with you to send on direct to my daughter," whose address he gave, care of the well-known Sir Henry ——, who resided at a magnificent place in the North of England. "By the time you have insured and packed them you will have been able to have the cheque passed through your bankers."

"But," added the "colonel," rising from his seat, "if I can find you a small cardboard box, I would prefer you to pack them here before me, so that I can seal the parcel myself, and know then that its contents will not be tampered with, stones changed, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"Certainly, sir," said the manager accommodatingly, for he was now thoroughly impressed with the *bona fides* of his customer.

A little hunting about soon secured a flat white wooden box, about a foot long and some three inches in depth and in breadth. In a few minutes, the chosen articles were very snugly laid in layers of cotton wool, which the manager took from his own leather case for the purpose; some string was procured, and tied firmly round the box. All it then wanted was the sealing.

Looking first in one drawer, then in another, the "colonel" apparently could not put his hand upon a piece of sealing-wax. He therefore went and pulled the bell violently, which, not being answered quickly by his man, caused him to remark impatiently, "Confound that fellow! he is never here when I want him." During this time, he had, as though unconsciously, placed the box under his right arm, and was walking about the room with it, looking first in one piece of furniture and then in another for some sealing-wax. At last, evidently in a temper, he seized hold of the handle of the door, and, pushing his body partly out of the room, called out loudly for his valet, who immediately came to the door, and apologetically remarked, "I am very sorry, sir, to be so long answering the bell, but a lady and gentleman are down stairs waiting for you in the anteroom, and wish to see you."

"Well," said the colonel, snappishly, "I shall be disengaged in a minute. Bring me some sealing-wax at once." At this moment, he, to all appearances accidentally, let the box drop just outside the door, but hastily picked it up again, and came into the room with it, followed by the valet with the sealing-wax.

"I hope my so carelessly letting the box fall has not damaged the contents, Mr. Manager," said the colonel, shaking it closely to his ear, as if listening to the rattling of the contents.

"Oh, no, sir," responded the urbane individual; "it is too securely packed for that, sir."

Carefully sealing the string in several places, the colonel handed the package to the manager with the check and a smile, saying, "Now, remember the birthday is next Thursday; you have plenty of time to insure and despatch it, besides waiting for the check to come round; and I would not, for the world, that the parcel should be late in reaching my daughter."

The manager thereupon bowed, thanked the "colonel," took up his hat, and, accompanied by the young man, departed, feeling mightily pleased with the good "stroke of business" he had done. When he got back to the shop, the box was placed in the safe, and the cheque posted on to the bankers, but in 48 hours it was returned, marked "no effects."

Well, the reader will perhaps say, "What did this matter? The box of jewelery was there all right in the safe." Yes, this was exactly what the proprietor, his son, and the manager thought until they opened it a few days after, not having heard anything from the "colonel" respecting the matter, when they found, not the earrings or the bracelets or the rings, but several small pieces of coal, carefully packed in tow.

The fact was that when the box dropped on the floor behind the door the "colonel" took the opportunity of changing it for another, which had been placed there by his confederate, the valet, and which was the one so carefully sealed up.

It was, I must admit, very cleverly done; but the "colonel," no other than the chief of the thieving three, is now suffering for this and many other things "too numerous to mention" by undergoing a period of penal servitude. I arrested him shortly after I got the information from the jeweler, but the valet, Hulton, getting scent of my pursuit, got clean away. "Scotch Jack" is dead.

A BLUSHING DRUMMER.

His Experience in the Clothing Business—A Scarcity of Trousers.

Will Hansard, a traveling salesman of Louisville, Ky., was recently pursuing his calling in Bell and Harlan counties. These two counties are the most mountainous and thinly inhabited in the state. Just before starting back to Louisville he passed the night at a farmhouse in Harlan. When he went to bed he hung his trousers on a chair near the window. Next morning the trousers were gone, and no one knew where. Some one passing in the night had reached in at the window and taken them, for his host was above suspicion.

Mr. Hansard called loudly for the farmer, expecting to borrow a pair of trousers from him. His wife came to the door and said that her husband had gone hunting an hour before, and as he had only one pair of trousers he had very naturally worn them. Here was a dilemma, but his hostess, who was a woman of expedients, solved it. She came to the door with one of her mother hubbards and suggested that the drummer put it on. He consented. She tossed the garment to him and closed the door. He got into the mother hubbard, went out to the stable, hitched up his team, and climbed into his buggy. Here he took the garment off and handed it back to the kindly old lady, who was full of sympathy for him. The buggy concealed his lower extremities, and he wrapped his linen duster around them to keep them warm.

Mr. Hansard drove quickly to the nearest store, about four miles away, expecting to buy a pair of trousers there, for all the country stores kept ready-made clothing. When he got there he found numerous ladies, who had congregated to see the opening of some new goods. He could not leave his buggy, but he yelled for the proprietor to come out, and to him he made known his predicament. The merchant brought to him five or six pairs of trousers. He drove down into a neighboring hollow, tried them on, found a pair to fit him, and thus his tribulations were ended.

A Different Matter.

Caller (hesitatingly)—I have a little production of my own which I should like to have you use for your poet's corner, if—

Editor of the Chicago *Tribune* (facetiously)—Poet's corner? Certainly. We're all poet scorners in this office. The janitor, perhaps, may find some use—

Caller (stiffening up)—The poem, sir, is descriptive of my patent lodge trimmer, and I was going to ask you if $1 a line would be sufficient compensation for publishing it as an advertisement. I don't mind your allusion to the janitor, but that diddledy-dad banged chestnut about the poet scorner makes me tired. Don't get between me and that door, sir, if you please. I don't want any explanations or apologies. You shouldn't have this poem now if you got down on your knees for it. Good morning, sir, and be hanged to you!

Why They Jumped.

"I see in the paper," remarked Smith, "that two masked men robbed a train near Kansas City the other day, and jumped off while the train was going at the rate of 25 miles an hour. It's a wonder they did not break their necks."

"Pity that it didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, indignantly. "I wonder what made the fool robbers jump off without first stopping the train?"

"I don't know," replied Smith. "I suppose, though, that they saw the train boy coming and was afraid he would rob them."—*Arcola Record.*

Not Like the Biblical Prodigal.

"It always sort 'o makes me feel sad and down hearted to read about the prodigal son of the Bible," said Farmer Slickens to his male offspring, who was home on his summer vacation.

"Y-a-a-s?"

"Yaws." He didn't come back to the farm pizenin' the very butterflys with the smoke from his sigareets an' say: "Pops, old boy, I'm dead broke. Couldn't you let me have a twenty to keep up my end with the fels at the club? Not much he didn't."

And the old man heaved a sigh and went out to feed the hogs.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Wall Naow, Dew Tell!

Frank W. Hale, the well-known manufacturer and an extensive farmer of Rollinsford, has a squash which now weighs over 100 pounds. The seed of this squash was planted in June, and it has fully six weeks more in which to grow. In twenty-eight hours this squash grew one inch and three-quarters in circumference, and it is thought that it will weigh fully 200 lbs. by the end of the season.—*Dover Democrat.*

Rough on Rodents.

Mr. Nullwedde—What do you think, darling! I found a great big rat dying in the cellar this morning.

Mrs. Nullwedde—The poor thing! And not a bit of poison in the house, not even anything to eat left out of the safe except a little piece of my cake that I forgot to put away.

Mr. N. (cruelly)—That accounts for the fatality. Leave some more cake lying around.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Safe to Eat Them.

Bliffkins—Spooner's girl has gone away for the summer, I guess.

Bluffkins—How do you know?

Bliffkins—I sit next to him at the table, and I've noticed that he has ordered boiled onions at dinner for the last few days.—*Laurence American.*

He Yearned.

"Adolphus," murmured Anastasia, calmly ensconcing her head on his shirt front, "do you never yearn after the unattainable?"

"Verily," he replied, "I doth."

"And for what do you yearn, love?"

"For a raise in my salary."—*Lawrence American.*

Very Accomplished.

Miss Joanna Baker, the new professor of Greek at Simpson college, Iowa, began the study of Greek and Latin at 4 years of age. At 8 she could read Xenophon, and at 14 she completed a lexicon of the Œdipus Tyrannus.

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue

by D R Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WEDDING AND THE COUNTERPLOT.

BUT Mr. Mason went on his way to call upon Helen Harvey with a mind very ill at ease. His interview with Sarah Dunlap troubled him more than he wished. It even seemed to him that he must have a conscience, for there was something within him that kept up a constant gnawing pain at his heart. Then Mr. Mason felt very small in his own estimation. In point of fact, when he thought of Sarah Dunlap's last glance at his face he felt as he used to do when he was a dirty, ragged, friendless boy, just starting to school, and the other pupils passed him by and excluded him from their games as one unworthy. It was by no means a pleasant feeling. Caleb did not like it at all.

"There is nothing for it," he soliloquized, "but to get married at once. There is no reason for any further delay. I shall speak to Mr. Harvey about it this evening."

Nor were the feelings of Helen Harvey, since she had accepted Mason, of that enviable sort which usually fills the breasts of young ladies just engaged to be married. Mason was handsome—there was no gainsaying that; Helen felt rather proud of him. Since she had determined on her course, and burned her ships behind her by breaking with Blanchard and accepting Mason, the devil of worldly ambition which dominated her had again risen supreme. Her father and brothers were shrewd men in their way, and they harped upon this one string. They discussed with her what should be done to advance Mason. Her father seriously debated with her the propriety of managing to send him to the state legislature when the present incumbent's term had expired, as the preparatory skirmish to getting him into the line of promotion for Representative in Congress from that district. So it came to pass that Helen, as a refuge from thought of her unworthy treatment of Dr. Blanchard, indulged in day dreams. She allowed her mind to dwell upon visions of what would happen when Caleb Mason, as her husband, was seated in Congress. She thought of the delightful receptions, of fashionable levees, of the whirl of society in the brilliant circles of Washington.

Then her mind went on to still higher flights. Why should he not, with his talents, when he became known, aspire to the Senate? She thought of herself as the wife of a member of this distinguished body, of the place which would be hers, and which she would grace in the society of the capital. Helen knew well what a power a capable wife may be in aid of her husband in political life. She had an inherited liking for political intriguing, and her ambition was dazzled at the idea of being one of the leaders of official society life in Washington. What a help-mate she could be to Mason, whose ambition would run in the same groove with her talent and education! And then her imagination plumed itself for a still higher flight. Why not the White House itself? Such a thing was possible. Nay, she determined to make it more than possible. And when she had worked herself into this delightful frame of mind, by letting her imagination, guided by her ambition, run riot, she contrasted all this brilliancy which she anticipated would be hers in the future, this career for which she felt herself supremely fitted, with the dull daily routine of the life she would have had to lead as the wife of a country physician.

It happened that she had been thinking over all these things on this particular evening, and when Caleb Mason entered the room she greeted him warmly and effusively. Ambition gave to her manner much the same charm that real love would have done. And in her bright, witty conversation, the charm of her beautiful and animated presence, and her warm, frank manner, which was more like that of a sweetheart toward her accepted lover than it had ever been before, Mr. Mason's self-esteem revived, the inward monitor that had been probing so severely became quiet, and he felt confirmed in his resolution to fix an early day for his nuptials. He longed to possess this peerless woman for his own, and to enter on the higher career that would open before him with their union.

He did not have to plead long. They speedily came to an agreement, and an early day was fixed for the ceremony. That promptness of action which was characteristic of Mason in the other affairs of life did not desert him in this. He sought a private interview with Helen's father, and was gratified to find that Mr. Harvey was perfectly willing to ratify the agreement as to the date of the wedding which had been made by himself and Helen.

When the announcement was duly made by the Harvey family to their friends, that on such a date Helen was to marry Caleb Mason, the gossip that had been going the rounds for the past day or two concerning the latter, and his jilting of Sarah Dunlap to marry Helen Harvey, who in turn, had thrown over Dr. Blanchard, gathered depth and strength. The gossips of Pulaski had not for years had such a morsel of scandal to roll under their tongues as this.

The first impulse, as it always is in such cases, was to denounce the entire affair and all the participants therein. That numerous class of people who make the affairs of other people their concern, declared that it was a breach of faith all around. It was such an unprecedented affair that it could hardly be discussed in all its bearings. It was something too monstrous to be thought of, and everybody concerned was deserving of the severest condemnation. In point of fact, the household arrangements of a number of Pulaski families suffered considerable detriment in order that the good wives might spend day and night in discussing the all-engrossing topic.

Nor were the men one whit behind their wives; in the saloons, in the stores and shops, in the lawyers' offices, in every place that men congregate, the one subject of discussion was the approaching marriage. The tone of the discussion here was somewhat different from that which took place in the kitchens and over the back fences among the good wives of Pulaski. The latter lamented over the severe blow they imagined Sarah Dunlap had sustained, and were sharp in their condemnation of Helen Harvey, whom they blamed as being the author of the entire trouble. The men, on the contrary, considered that it was all Mason's fault. They generally came to the conclusion that it was such a mixed-up affair that they could not understand it all, but they sagely determined that Caleb Mason had got hold of a "soft thing" by engaging himself to marry Helen Harvey and thus capturing the Harvey influence.

"No wonder he jilted poor Sarah Dunlap! He's sharp enough to know which side his bread is buttered on!" was the sage conclusion of Major Starkweather, who was holding forth to a crowd of idlers at Bascom's. And his listeners not only agreed with him, but all took the drinks at his expense.

Though public opinion was at first all very strong against Caleb Mason and the Harvey family, a reaction soon set in. Miss Phipps, the milliner and modiste of the town (she was once a dressmaker, but as the town increased in population she blossomed out as a modiste), brought it a burning shame when she learned that Helen's trousseau was being purchased in Cleveland, and did not hesitate to say so, at all times and on all occasions, to the circle of which she was the recognized leader; but when Mrs. Harvey came into her shop and contracted a very respectable bill for articles for Helen, Miss Phipps changed her mind, and came to the sage conclusion that the match between Mason and Helen was really the most fitting and proper thing.

"For you know," she explained to ladies who dropped in to examine the fashions and to discuss their neighbors, "Mr. Mason is a rising young man, and Helen is exactly the sort of wife such a man should have. She can be a great help to him in his career."

And it may be, too, that Miss Phipps had the foresight to consider that even though a portion of the wedding outfit might be purchased in Cleveland, Mrs. Caleb Mason would still reside in Pulaski, and would undoubtedly prove a very valuable customer.

Major Starkweather, too, who had been denouncing Caleb Mason heartily, and who had not been sparing in condemnation of the entire affair in all its bearings, came to remember that the Harvey family controlled the politics of the county, and that Mason had already demonstrated his powers of political management, and that it might be well, all things considered—for the Major was not without political aspirations—for himself to be on friendly terms with the man whose influence would be largely increased by the proposed alliance. He was in fact one of the first to congratulate Caleb upon his approaching marriage, which congratulations he also extended in due form to Mr. Harvey, the first time they met. In point of fact, he intended to do the same to Helen, but, meeting her upon the street with this intention, he found himself checked by the fact that she refused to recognize him, and walked calmly onward without apparently seeing him. The major was somewhat disconcerted, but did not change his attitude toward the marriage, which he continued to extol as an eminently wise and proper thing.

The rest of the people of Pulaski, both male and female, soon followed the examples set by Miss Phipps and Maj. Starkweather. The Harvey family were too powerful to be offended with impunity, and Mason had become a man to be feared, or at least respected. So the storm of gossip blew over, the social sky cleared, and all Pulaski settled down to the opinion that the marriage was the most desirable thing for each of the two high contracting parties, and that there was no use in making any more bother about it.

There had been one exception to the universal rule that it was the bounden duty of everybody in Pulaski to discuss this match, that exception was Sam Gleason. He said never a word to anybody about the matter. If he had any opinion, nobody found out what it was, for he would not talk upon the subject. He simply day and delved at the office of evenings, occasionally relaxed his labors sufficiently to take long walks over unfrequented roads, and apparently indulged in a vast deal of thinking.

The wedding was one of the finest affairs that had ever occurred in Pulaski. It was the first ceremony that had ever been celebrated at high noon in that town. The custom was, in those primitive days, when nobody dreamed of taking a wedding tour, to have the ceremony occur in the evening. Mr. Harvey, however, decided that it was wise, all things considered, to mark the occasion in every way possible. Dr. Risser, the Episcopal clergyman, performed the ceremony, Helen being an attendant upon his church. A reception followed, and then the young couple started on their wedding tour. During the time that they were absent, Mr. Harvey fitted up and furnished a house for their occupancy, about a square from his own.

On their return at the end of three weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Mason at once went to housekeeping. Their establishment was in every way a befitting one. The house was neither one which would show extravagance on the part of its occupants, nor did it go to the other extreme of indicating extreme economy. It was simply but well furnished, and befitting the young couple.

The sun does not give out all his rays at once when he rises in the morning, but he doles out his heat sparingly at first. As he mounts the sky he increases in strength and power until the meridian is reached. Mr. Mason did not show that he was possessed of a very great amount of wealth in the modest beginning of his married life; but he did gradually—very gradually—show increase in this respect as he went on.

Very soon after his marriage he commenced lending money in a very small way, which was increased so slowly and cautiously that the people did not especially notice that he was handling any very large amount of capital.

Sam Gleason all the time kept his eye fixed intently upon his movements, and there was never a hundred dollar loan made, or a mortgage taken, that he did not make a minute of it. He had always taken a lively interest in the Dunlap family, and now that Mason had married, and had not married Sarah Dunlap, his interest redoubled. He went to Sarah Dunlap one day and said to her:

"Sarah, do you know anything about your father's affairs?"

"Something. Father used to make me his right hand and his eyes for years before he died. I did the most of his writing. I never charged my memory with such things, but I have a general idea as to what he was doing."

"Do you know of any money or valuable papers in you father's possession before he died?"

"Certainly he had money, and many papers, which he always told me to be careful of, for they were valuable."

"What disposition did he make of them?"

"I suppose Mason has them."

"Where did he keep his business papers?"

"In the secretary, in the room in which he died."

"May I examine that secretary?"

"Certainly—why not?"

Very careful was Gleason in his examination of that secretary. Every scrap of paper underwent the strictest scrutiny. Then followed a long and earnest conversation.

A few days thereafter Sarah wrote a note to Mason, asking a statement of the condition of the affairs of her father, which were all in his hands.

The answer came with business-like promptness. There was a schedule of notes left for collection, but there was no mention made of money. This statement was shown to Gleason, who uttered a significant "h'm!" and requested Sarah to say nothing of the matter for a week or two. The next week was spent in work, and Gleason was examined and admitted to the bar; and, to Mason's surprise, severed at once his relations with his preceptor, and opened an office alone.

"I have got one good case to begin with," said Gleason.

"Ah, indeed!" was Mason's reply. "You are fortunate. It is more than I had."

Nothing more was said. Mason made no objection whatever to the young man's commencing life on his own account, nor did he make a proposition to retain him by offering him a connection with himself. He had the correct idea, that when a subordinate desired to leave him, it was bad policy to attempt to retain him by any offer whatever. So Gleason left the desk at which he had sat so long, and commenced for himself.

Mr. Mason heard one thing that he did not altogether like, and that was, that Gleason was very often at the Dunlap house; and he also heard, in various ways, that he had been making love to Helen, in his usual off-hand fashion that he had been making. Going into Gleason's office one day when the proprietor happened to be out, he opened a blank book on his desk, and he happened to open on a page headed with his own name, and there he saw a record of all the money he had loaned, in the clerky hand he knew so well, with the dates, amounts and to whom.

Mason slipped out so that no one knew that he had been there. What did this mean? Was Gleason possessed of any facts? Had he heard anything? Had he seen anything? Your rogue is always in dread. What precaution had he overlooked? What had he left undone? Gleason and Sarah Dunlap together, and Gleason his former clerk! And what troubled him most was, that he saw in this record this one entry:

"Oct. 10—John Harvey, $10,000. No security but Harvey's note."

How had Gleason ascertained that he had advanced the money to John Harvey that had enabled him to make the settlement with the state treasurer, and save him from the stigma of defaulting?

All this puzzled Mr. Mason; and not only puzzled, but troubled him. He awoke to the consciousness that he was not the only acute, shrewd man in the town, but that there was on his track a man quite as shrewd, if not quite as broad as himself.

He need not have puzzled himself very long as to how Mr. Gleason got his information as to the Harvey matters. He knew of the dalliance, for he and Jack Harvey, the disgrace of the family, had been great friends and boon companions; and one night, when Jack was very drunk and very maudlin, he had told Gleason the whole story, forgetting that he had told it, after the manner of drunken men, in the morning. That is, it was partly told and partly surmised, and Gleason, who considered any secret of a criminal nature good property for a young lawyer.

Having got the secret, he found it too large for immediate use; and as it affected such powerful people, he was very careful not to part with it. He laid it away carefully as a cheese that he should put his knife into at some future time. He was profoundly glad that Jack had no recollection of telling it, for he was in as dangerous a position as was the courtier who accidentally heard a state conference of Richelieu's, and was put into the Bastile that the secret should be kept safely.

But when Mason married Helen Harvey, and, a few weeks after, the elder Harvey and Mason had a conference in the back office, the convenient crack enabled him to see a transfer of money that Mason had gone out to draw from the bank, and his check-book, which he sometimes left on his desk for a moment, betrayed the amount; and the fact the transaction took place the day before Harvey left for the capital to settle with the treasurer of state showed the object. A much less adroit man than Gleason might have put these circumstances together, but Mason could not understand it.

And then one morning he was astonished by Gleason's showing him a power of attorney from Sarah Dunlap, authorizing him to act for her in all matters pertaining to her father's estate, to sign her name, to receive and pay out moneys, to collect and adjust claims—in short, to act in her stead.

And what still more puzzled Mason was the coolness and deliberation with which his late clerk and student requested him to give him an account of what he had done as trustee under the will of the late Mr. Dunlap, a call which Mr. Mason could neither ignore nor neglect. He did it very reluctantly, but he did it. It was a formidable piece of work, and Mason informed Gleason that it would take time to prepare it.

"How long do you desire, Mr. Mason? My client is anxious to get her affairs in shape as soon as possible."

"In a week I can have it made it out. There was a large amount of personal property belonging to the estate, which was sold at auction, which, itemized as I presume you want it, will require considerable clerical labor. I can give you the gross in a few minutes."

"No, that will hardly answer Miss Dunlap's purpose. She desires an itemized statement. I will call for it a week from to-day." And Gleason, bowing ceremoniously, departed.

Mason was in an uncomfortable position. He had calculated upon nothing of this kind, and he had made arrangements for the use of the money in quite another way from that which he saw would be required of him. Having a weak woman, ignorant of business, to deal with, he had not expected to be required to itemize every dollar and cent, and show where it was placed and at what rate of interest, and how secured; nor had he contemplated being required to show exactly how much there was of it in gross. In short, he had expected to have everything his own way, and to account for it about as he pleased.

But here comes to him an acute man of business, with full power to act—a lynx-eyed man of affairs, who never would overlook a penny, nor let go a straw's value. Decidedly, Mr. Mason did not like it.

The week rolled around, as such weeks always do, with terrible rapidity, and with an ominous promptness, Gleason was awaiting the schedule. There was a full statement ready of the articles sold at auction, of the articles sold at private sale, of the rental of the lands, etc., and it was made nicely and fully, as were all papers from Mr. Mason's office.

Gleason scanned it closely in search of something that he knew was not there. But the more he knew it was not there, the more scrutinizing the search.

"Mr. Mason, I see nothing to show that the late Mr. Dunlap had any money, or government or other securities, at the time of his death."

The answer came very promptly and emphatically.

"He had none that I know of. None were found among his effects, and his account at the bank was almost balanced."

"I didn't know," replied Gleason; "it was generally supposed that he had both, and I thought possibly you had incorporated the totals in other items for convenience."

"You will observe, Mr. Gleason, that all the items are set down as they were originally made, and that the disposition of everything is distinctly stated. Had there been money or securities among the effects of the deceased, it would have so appeared."

Gleason muttered an assent, and walked away with the schedule.

Mason bowed his head upon his desk, and pondered long. He was in trouble.

But there was no sign made by Gleason to show that he was taking any steps to investigate whether old Farmer Dunlap had left any ready money or not. Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, and Caleb Mason gradually adopted the belief that Gleason had abandoned it. Meanwhile, though Mason's affairs were prospering favorably, Mr. Sam Gleason's were not in so good a condition. He had, as was before said, opened an office and put out a sign, on which was the regular orthodox inscription, "Samuel Gleason, Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery," but he did not seem to get a very heavy clientage. The farmers who knew him as Mason's student and clerk, dropped in to see him and encouraged him, as they said—which encouragement consisted in promising him their business and wishing him all sorts of success. But, as they invariably took their business to the older lawyers, their good wishes would neither pay office rent nor even find the firewood that was required to keep the office warm. S. Gleason, attorney-at-law, was therefore not much the better for them.

Still it was friendly, or looked so, at least; and Samuel grinned as each one said his say, and stuffed assiduously. He was preparing himself for something, and working very hard at it.

What was he working at? It was a very curious thing.

Every night when the office was closed, Samuel was in the habit of going into the little back office, and closing all the doors and locking them, and pulling down the blinds very carefully. Then he would pull out a table, evidently constructed for some special purpose—a large flat table with a smooth top. There was a green baize surface on it, and on that green baize cover were bits of paper, with pins stuck through them to hold them in place.

Mr. Gleason's regular business, every night, was to take a basket out of a sort of cupboard or commode he had there, which was full of torn paper, and emptying it out upon another table, try to fit the torn pieces together.

It was merely a waste-basket, such as every lawyer and business man uses, and it appeared as though Mr. Gleason was trying to piece together some particular document out of the thousand or more pieces that it contained.

It was very slow, very tedious and very trying work, this which Mr. Gleason was engaged on; trying it was, to that degree that he was precisely the man to do it, for he never tired and never got weary. The pieces were of all shapes and of all sizes, and he labored very hard to put them together as they had been before they had been torn and thrown into the basket—time, he was attempting to restore a thousand different pieces of paper that had been torn into infinitesimal fragments.

At this apparently hopeless work he labored every night and every Sunday; every hour, in fact, that he could keep his office closed. For it was evident that he did not desire the world to see what he doing.

Sometimes Sarah Dunlap would come in, on which occasion Samuel would take her into the back room, and closing all the doors and windows, except enough to give light, would remove the cover from the baize and show her a few bits in one corner which had been joined together enough to show some lines of writing that she seemed interested in as follows:

PULAS 85 .
Receive Sin lap, four nd
money, d twenty ne sand
rs in 7 . ds.
Ca son.

"Never fear, Sarah, never fear! It may take a year or more, but I shall find all the pieces that belong to this little document, and when I get it all together, I rather think I can get him to resign his position as trustee and account for everything that has passed through his hands, as he ought. I think so. The whole document is in that pile—I saw him tear it and throw it there, and I'll find it, and get it together, if it takes ten years."

And Sarah, with a face that showed how keen an interest she felt in it, would beg him to spare no labor to bring out the mystery, and would go her way.

And one day Mr. Blanchard came in, and had a long conference with Gleason. It was a very long conference, and many things were gone over in it. The doctor explained to Gleason the situation of Farmer Dunlap when he was called to consult with Dr. Rawson, and the precise symptoms of the malady. And more, he showed him the treatment that had been determined upon, and the necessity for the strict observance of directions.

"Are you certain that your treatment was the correct one, and that it

Recent Literature.

GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT.

A "History of the Kansas Crusade—The Way to Health—The Princess Lilliwinkins—Captain Polly—Practical Blacksmithing—Bluebird Notes Pamphlets and October Magazines—Literary Notes.

A book which ought to and, doubtless, will be read with interest, is one recently issued by Harper & Brothers, New York City. This is "A History of the Kansas Crusade, Its Friends and Its Foes," by Eli Thayer, with an introduction by Edward Everett Hale. The purpose of the book is to show by what agency Kansas was made a free state and how this result affected our national life. "The great Kansas struggle was," the author declares, "the pivot on which this nation turned to a nobler development and to a higher and happier condition of all of its people." The work is really a summary of the events preceding the Civil War, and is in no sense a history of the conflict itself in Kansas. It is well and clearly written, and is as fascinating reading as a dramatically told story.

Another book from the Harpers' is entitled "Man and His Maladies; or, the Way to Health," by S. E. Bridger. It is a handbook of physiology and domestic medicine, in accord with the advance in medical science. The author is already well known, through various works upon the ills of the flesh, and appears to have given a great deal of exhaustive study to the subjects of which he treats. Part First considers "The Science of Medicine," under which he talks of "The Principles of Life," "The Principles of Health" and of "Ill-Health," and "The Principles of Scientific Medicine." Part Second is "The Art of Healing," and takes up the "The Food System," "The Nervous System," "The Motor System," and "The Reproductive System." The work seems to be a very complete one for family use.

A wonderfully pretty book for children is that entitled "The Princess Lilliwinkins and Other Stories," by Henrietta Christian Wright, author of "Children's Stories in American History," etc. The first story gives the name to the book. Then follows "The Golden Dew-drops;" "The Giant with the Big Heart;" "Will-o'-the-Wisp and Prince Toto;" "Queen Termagant and King Curmudgeon;" "The Happy Country" and "The Dismal Land." They are the kind of stories that please young readers and yet convey very pretty and useful lessons. The book is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"Captain Polly," by Sophie Swett, is a bright story for the young folks, full of fun and frolic such as they delight in. Polly is a wonderfully interesting little girl, a leader among her playmates and a great favorite. She won the name of Captain Polly through an adventure of her's upon an old yacht that carried her off out to sea accidentally, where she might have been drowned but for a big English name near and rescued her. The best part of the story, however, is the way in which she saved her brother through her faith in him, from going far wrong after he had started on the way. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"Practical Blacksmithing" is a collection of articles contributed at different times by skilled workmen to the columns of the *Blacksmith and Wheelwright*, and covering nearly the whole range of blacksmithing, from the simplest to some of the most complex forgings. It contains a good deal of valuable information, and being the only book of the kind extant, ought to be warmly welcomed by the craft. The essays were collected and arranged by the editor of the above mentioned paper, M. T. Richardson, New York, who is also the publisher of the volume.

"Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendox," by Francis Blake Crofton, is a book for boys. It is a collection of adventures related to a group of boys by an uncle who had been a great traveler all over the world, and had met many perils, and had startling adventures with Indians, cannibals, wild beasts, etc., and been down into mines and up in balloons, visited remote regions, and met people of strange customs and seen many queer people and things. The book is well illustrated, and printed upon fine paper. Published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia.

"Bluebird Notes" is the title of a book of poems by Ira Billman, published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. There are some pretty and helpful things in these poems, mingled with much that is not especially noticeable in the way of poetry. Most of them are short, and all of them are full of good thoughts, and the volume as a whole is a safe one to put into a family. Among other themes, the poet sings of "Duty and Beauty," "Universal Harmony," "Eternal Progress," "The Musical Mountain," "God's Nothing," "Life's Great Overflow," "Worship," "Christ," "Iconoclasm," "Alma Mater," "Graves of Dead Hopes," "Conservatism," "Eternal Silence," "Heredity," "Equality," "Latent Forces," "The Realm of Mystery," "Failure," "Success," "The New Niagara," "The Legend of the Pines," "The Oldest Psalm of Life," "Room at the Top," "Rights and Labor," "The Highest Altruism," "Henry Ward Beecher," "Courage," "What Makes a Christian," "The Problem of Evil," "The Poet's Portion," "Miracles," "My Mother's Grave," "The Little Newsboy," "Our Angels," "The Eternal Wonder." The volume is beautifully printed on heavy calendered paper.

Among the pamphlet novels for the hour's leisure are the following:

"That Pretty Young Girl," by Laura Jean Libbey, author of "Miss Middleton's Lover" and "A Forbidden Marriage," published by the American News Co., New York; "Feodor," by Laura Daintrey, author of "Miss Varian of New York," and "Eros," published by the Empire Publishing Co.

"Every Man His Own Lawyer," by J. Middleton Ayres, M. D., published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; and from the same house, "The New Litany," which is a collection of the "Blots and Blemishes" of human character put in strong English. G. W. Dillingham also issues "A Lawyer's Doubts," by Ingersoll Lockwood, which claims to be a legal remembrancer and instructor for those who have not time to read big books.

Literary Notes.

The next volumes in the *American Statesman* series are Mr. George Pellew's "John Jay," and Prof. A. C. McLaughlin's "Lewis Cass."

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's new novel has been purchased from her by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in which periodical it will shortly appear as a serial.

Maud Howe's new novel is to appear serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, beginning with the October issue.

The "Life of Richard H. Dana, jr.," by Charles Francis Adams, is now on the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is to be issued in two volumes with two portraits.

The English translation of W. Heimburg's entertaining story "Her Only Brother," has been added by T. Y. Crowell & Co. to their collection of "Choice Literature in Paper Covers."

Maurice Dudevant, the son of George Sand, who died the other day, had something of his mother's ability. He wrote several reasonably clever novels. One of them, called "Miss Mary," has an English heroine.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards has prepared for *The Century* an exhaustive article on the discovery of the temple at Bubastis of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The illustrations will include the sculptures in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

William O. Stoddard, the popular author of Indian stories, contributes to Harper's *Young People* of September 17 the first installment of a new serial entitled "The Red Mustang," a story of the western border, with illustrations by H. F. Farny.

Charlotte M. Yonge's new historical story will be ready next week. Its title is "The Cunning Woman's Grandson," a tale of Cheddar a hundred years ago. The publisher, Thomas Whittaker, will issue at the same time "The Third Miss St. Quentin," by Mrs. Molesworth.

Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, of California, a lady well known as an able lecturer on temperance and kindred topics, has written an interesting story of old colonial days, founded on historical facts, under the title of "A Colonial Boy," which D. Lothrop Company will publish this month.

Professor George P. Fisher of Yale University, is to contribute to the *Century* during the coming year a series of papers on "The Nature and Methods of Revelation," in which he will touch upon a number of questions of living interest at the present time, in connection with Christianity and the Bible.

"Three Little Maids," a unique and bewitching story by Mary B. Deane, an English writer whose work is strongly commended by Charlotte M. Yonge, is announced for early publication in this country and England. The illustrations are by F. O. Small, whose paintings attracted so much attention recently in Paris.

"Witch Winnie; a Story of a King's Daughter," which White & Allen announce for publication in September, is the title of a new book written by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, widely known as the author of "Three Vassar Girls Abroad." The story deals with the workings of the now very popular organization known as "The King's Daughters."

The late Fanny Lewald, the German novelist, was the daughter of a prominent Jewish merchant, and became a Christian, with the consent of her father, when she was 17 years old. The relation between this father and daughter was peculiarly beautiful. They were close companions in mind and heart and the girl always accompanied her father in his travels through Europe.

Some of the finest passages in poetry have been inspired by its twin sister, music. A collection of choice quotations on this subject will soon be published, with the title, "Musical Moments," by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. The selections include many gems of English poetry, and relate not only to music of the voice and of instruments, but to the music of nature and all sweet sounds.

Life on a United States training ship is graphically told by Mary Bradford Crowninshield in her last book, "Plucky Smalls," just out. Mrs. Crowninshield is the wife of Commodore Crowninshield, of the United States navy, and the author of those two popular books, "All Among the Lighthouses," and "The Lighthouse Children Abroad." She is a great favorite in New York musical and social circles.

GRACE IN SHORT DRESSES.

Mme. Cornalba Discourses Pleasantly About Ballet Dancing in Tights.

"No; I do not think the ballet should ever appear in long dresses without tights; the idea is ridiculous," said Mme. Cornalba, premiere danseuse, to a New York *Press* reporter. "Both tradition and custom are against it, and, above all, the artistic effect would be lost. The charm is in the artistic steps, and with long dresses on how could the audience know what we were doing? The ballet was inaugurated with short dresses and tights, and will so remain as long as that is appreciated. In the days of Taglioni and Elsler there was a cry against short dresses and flesh-colored tights. I recollect my ballet master, who was a very old man, used to tell us about it when we were at school at Milan. Well, when the pope had temporal power they were compelled to wear white tights. In those days the monsignors, bishops and everybody witnessed the ballet. But after the pope lost his temporal power the premieriers and the ballet wore flesh-colored tights," said the little premiere, with a mischievous twinkle of her eye.

"Taglioni wore her dress a little long, about an inch below the knee, maybe, because her, ah—what do you call it in English? Limbs, oh yes. Well, they were not very large or nice in shape, and so she wore her dress as long as possible; but to say that she could dance without showing her knees is stupid, it is nonsense. Her 'elevation' was good, and therein was her charm, but she was not so good in the pirouette, or toe-dancing. Well, you may call 'elevation' high kicking if you wish, but I do not know the English term for it. Now, I will show you how—ah, stupid it would look in long dresses. I cannot take the steps of the point pose, suspense or repose—my dress is too narrow. Well, if it was broad enough I would look like a baloon," said the little lady, laughing at the grotesque idea of a full ballet in such extenuated and distended garments.

"Mlle. Carmencita speaks well for herself, for the charm of her dancing is principally in its illusory effects. Her dancing is not good new to this country, and is a specialty in itself. Her art lies more in the suppleness of the body and her graceful movements of person than in her artistic steps. Suppose she were to execute the point pose position, how could you know whether she did it or not with that long dress on, which reaches way below the knees?"

The reporter could not see.

"Well, look at that," said the little Italian premiere, pointing to one of her photos in costume, standing on the toes of the right foot, with the left leg extended to the left oblique, at an angle of about forty degrees.

"Suppose I had on a long dress, would not it look too, ah——"

"Suggestive," suggested the reporter.

"Yes, I suppose so! The attraction or charm of the ballet is in the artistic steps and poses, and unless we wear short dresses how can you see what we do? The artistic part is not appreciated by the illusory effects of dress, or shocked by the shortness of our skirts, and they do not come to see our limbs. They come because they love art, and they see nothing else. Put the premiere in long skirts, and she becomes a specialty performer, the ballet schools may at once close. There would be specialty artists, but no ballet dancers. The charm would be in 'underdressing' and high steps, after the style of the English ladies who recently danced here. They were good in their line—but that is not art. Carmencita is good in her line, too. But how would she look in short dresses? Her dancing would appear ridiculous. Her sinuous movements would be too suggestive—very gross. And the ballet in long skirts and without tights! Oh, how stupid!" said Mme. Cornalba, with a look that expressed a great deal more than she uttered.

THE TERROR OF THE PRAIRIES.

A Steer That Defies All Attempts to Kill or Capture.

George Wilson, a well known cowboy, who arrived from the northern ranges yesterday afternoon, met a party of kindred spirits in a local resort last evening and regaled the assembly with current gossip and tales of adventure, says the Cheyenne daily *Tribune*.

According to Wilson there has roamed on the ranges adjacent to the Platte and Laramie rivers for these many years a mastodon wild steer whose aggressiveness and power make him the dread of every round-up out-fit. This combative beef bears not a brand, but no "rustler" dares appropriate him.

The "demon steer," as the pugnacious brute is called, knows no fear, and with lowered head, glistening eyes and sonorous bellows will charge upon anything in his course. Time upon time has he been rounded up with his comparatively docile companions, but he invariably rushes past the line riders as if no such obstruction to his flight exi ted. Once a CY outfit determined to effect the capture of the big fellow, but after he had gored two horses and scared the wits from half a dozen riders, the undertaking was abandoned.

This prairie terror only last season, in a fit of rage at those who dared to intrude on the peaceful solitude of the range, charged at midday into a camp, creating a panic to which was ideal quietness the clatter incident to the stampede of the fabled bull in the china shop. There was a scattering of equipage and a disordered flight of the diners. One of these latter was so incensed that, contrary to all orders, he sent a six-shooter ball after the massive steer, but the missile flew wide of its mark.

Wilson asserts that he will undertake to prove that the demon steer killed a large bear in a fair fight in the Sybile three years ago, and the cowboys will bet all their earthly belongings that the demon can conquer any bull in the Territory. The combat with the bear was a terrific affair. Bruin was forced to the defensive from the first, and for a time pluckily met the fearful onslaughts of the fighting steer, jarring the great form with blows from his paws. The activity of the steer was marvellous. He played round his antagonist as the sparrer annoys his foe, and at nearly every charge ran his long, sharp horns into the bleeding sides of the bear with the wicked "shift" which accompanies an effective sword thrust.

Wilson thinks the "demon steer" will die of old age. The man who attempts his capture takes his life in his hands.

Why a Boy Is Out of a Job.

You have heard of the excited man who, when his house took fire, threw the chamber crockery out of an upper window and then started down the stairs with a mattress and wedged the hallway so that everything was destroyed? Well, an East Water street storekeeper has got a boy who had on a certain occasion, not many days ago, an equal amount of presence of mind. The sidewalk exhibit of the store contained some goods that rain would spoil—albums, letter paper, etc., also a basketful of sponges. A storm came up, and the proprietor told the boy to hustle the goods into the store lively. The first grab he made was for the sponges, and by the time he got to the back end of the store the albums, paper, etc., were being soaked. The boy is out of a job.—*Milwaukee News.*

AT THE RACES.

Mr. Turfite—(enthusiastically)—"Bravo! Bravo! My colt has won by a length."

Old Slowboys—(patronizingly)—"Pshaw! Turfite, it's no trick at all for a colt to come in first when the others are so far behind."

LINCOLN IN A CRISIS.

How He Enjoyed Parson Nasby and Irritated Secretary Stanton—Charles A. Dana's Personal Recollections.

New York Sun.

In the last number of the *Century Magazine*, Messrs. Hay and Nicolay narrate their idea of what happened at the War department on the evening after the second election of President Lincoln in 1864. As they were not present, their report must be a matter of heresay. I do not know that any of the particulars they relate are deficient in accuracy, though I can testify that while I was there at that time, I did not observe them.

I was not usually on duty in the War department at night; but Mr. Stanton had directed me to come over that evening, and I arrived pretty early, say 8 o'clock or half past 8. The excitement of the struggle had been intense. In all my experience I have never witnessed any other election that had so much politics in it. All the resources of partisan science, backed by the immense power of the vast and widespread expenditures of the War department, then about a million a day, had been employed by the astute and relentless statesman at the head of the War office; and he did it with a perfection and skill that is appreciated. In the days of Tagioni and Elsler there was a cry against short dresses and flesh-colored tights. I recollect my ballet master, who was a very old man, used to tell us about it when we were at school at Milan. Well, when the pope had temporal power they were compelled to wear white tights. In those days the monsignors, bishops and everybody witnessed the ballet. But after the pope lost his temporal power the premieriers and the ballet wore flesh-colored tights," said the little premiere, with a mischievous twinkle of her eye.

"Taglioni wore her dress a little long, about an inch below the knee, maybe, because her, ah—what do you call it in English? Limbs, oh yes. Well, they were not very large or nice in shape, and so she wore her dress as long as possible; but to say that she could dance without showing her knees is stupid, it is nonsense. Her 'elevation' was good, and therein was her charm, but she was not so good in the pirouette, or toe-dancing. Well, you may call 'elevation' high kicking if you wish, but I do not know the English term for it. Now, I will show you how—ah, stupid it would look in long dresses. I cannot take the steps of the point pose, suspense or repose—my dress is too narrow. Well, if it was broad enough I would look like a baloon," said the little lady, laughing at the grotesque idea of a full ballet in such extenuated and distended garments.

"Mlle. Carmencita speaks well for herself, for the charm of her dancing is principally in its illusory effects. Her dancing is not good new to this country, and is a specialty in itself. Her art lies more in the suppleness of the body and her graceful movements of person than in her artistic steps. Suppose she were to execute the point pose position, how could you know whether she did it or not with that long dress on, which reaches way below the knees?"

The reporter could not see.

"Well, look at that," said the little Italian premiere, pointing to one of her photos in costume, standing on the toes of the right foot, with the left leg extended to the left oblique, at an angle of about forty degrees.

"Suppose I had on a long dress, would not it look too, ah——"

"Suggestive," suggested the reporter.

"Yes, I suppose so! The attraction or charm of the ballet is in the artistic steps and poses, and unless we wear short dresses how can you see what we do? The artistic part is not appreciated by the illusory effects of dress, or shocked by the shortness of our skirts, and they do not come to see our limbs. They come because they love art, and they see nothing else. Put the premiere in long skirts, and she becomes a specialty performer, the ballet schools may at once close. There would be specialty artists, but no ballet dancers. The charm would be in 'underdressing' and high steps, after the style of the English ladies who recently danced here. They were good in their line—but that is not art. Carmencita is good in her line, too. But how would she look in short dresses? Her dancing would appear ridiculous. Her sinuous movements would be too suggestive—very gross. And the ballet in long skirts and without tights! Oh, how stupid!" said Mme. Cornalba, with a look that expressed a great deal more than she uttered.

THE TERROR OF THE PRAIRIES.

A Steer That Defies All Attempts to Kill or Capture.

George Wilson, a well known cowboy, who arrived from the northern ranges yesterday afternoon, met a party of kindred spirits in a local resort last evening and regaled the assembly with current gossip and tales of adventure, says the Cheyenne daily *Tribune*.

According to Wilson there has roamed on the ranges adjacent to the Platte and Laramie rivers for these many years a mastodon wild steer whose aggressiveness and power make him the dread of every round-up out-fit. This combative beef bears not a brand, but no "rustler" dares appropriate him.

The "demon steer," as the pugnacious brute is called, knows no fear, and with lowered head, glistening eyes and sonorous bellows will charge upon anything in his course. Time upon time has he been rounded up with his comparatively docile companions, but he invariably rushes past the line riders as if no such obstruction to his flight exi ted. Once a CY outfit determined to effect the capture of the big fellow, but after he had gored two horses and scared the wits from half a dozen riders, the undertaking was abandoned.

This prairie terror only last season, in a fit of rage at those who dared to intrude on the peaceful solitude of the range, charged at midday into a camp, creating a panic to which was ideal quietness the clatter incident to the stampede of the fabled bull in the china shop. There was a scattering of equipage and a disordered flight of the diners. One of these latter was so incensed that, contrary to all orders, he sent a six-shooter ball after the massive steer, but the missile flew wide of its mark.

Wilson asserts that he will undertake to prove that the demon steer killed a large bear in a fair fight in the Sybile three years ago, and the cowboys will bet all their earthly belongings that the demon can conquer any bull in the Territory. The combat with the bear was a terrific affair. Bruin was forced to the defensive from the first, and for a time pluckily met the fearful onslaughts of the fighting steer, jarring the great form with blows from his paws. The activity of the steer was marvellous. He played round his antagonist as the sparrer annoys his foe, and at nearly every charge ran his long, sharp horns into the bleeding sides of the bear with the wicked "shift" which accompanies an effective sword thrust.

Wilson thinks the "demon steer" will die of old age. The man who attempts his capture takes his life in his hands.

Why a Boy Is Out of a Job.

You have heard of the excited man who, when his house took fire, threw the chamber crockery out of an upper window and then started down the stairs with a mattress and wedged the hallway so that everything was destroyed? Well, an East Water street storekeeper has got a boy who had on a certain occasion, not many days ago, an equal amount of presence of mind. The sidewalk exhibit of the store contained some goods that rain would spoil—albums, letter paper, etc., also a basketful of sponges. A storm came up, and the proprietor told the boy to hustle the goods into the store lively. The first grab he made was for the sponges, and by the time he got to the back end of the store the albums, paper, etc., were being soaked. The boy is out of a job.—*Milwaukee News.*

CAPTURED 51 WHITE ELEPHANTS

An Exciting and Successful Pachyderm Drive in an India Jungle.

Manchester Guardian.

Success has again attended Mr. Sanderson's exertions, and a fine herd of elephants, 51 in number, which were driven into a large seventy-acre inclosure on Monday, July 8, have been brought out and picketed in the open jungle three miles west of the Khedda. It was at first supposed that 80 to 100 animals had been captured, but the big herd apparently separated into two portions during the early part of the drive. The main body headed straight for the "Dodday Gowden Parlia" gorge, in which the Khedda is situated, while the other turned off the south down a valley leading to a forest called "Shubur Malay." This was not found out until afterward, though the track of the escaped portion had been noticed by Mr R. H. Morris, a planter, who is opening out land on the Billigarungan hills, and who acted as Mr. Sanderson's assistant during the whole of the operations. Taking all things into consideration, it is just as well that all were not inclosed, as there would not have been enough tame elephants to deal with them, and even as it was many of the older and consequently useless animals had to be shot.

A sketch of the proceedings, which have terminated so satisfactorily, is given by Julia Ward Howe, which says that by the 31st inst. all the strengthening of the fortifications, preparation of the gates, etc., had been completed, and all was in readiness. On the 7th the welcome news was brought by the vigilant trackers that a large herd was quietly browsing in "Kallaare Kombe," a favorite cover in close proximity to the Dodday gorge, so that little time was lost. By the same evening 400 beaters had been collected and brought into camp from Chamrajnaggur. Early the next morning all were assembled at the foot of a commanding little hill known as Munegooday, where Mr. Sanderson proposed to take up his post and direct the drive

BY MEANS OF FLAGS AND SIGNALS;

the men had just been mustered and told off to their various stations, a few minor preliminaries were being discussed, when Mr. Morris noticed the elephants quietly filing across an opening in front, and of their own accord heading in the direction of the Khedda. To dispatch the parties that had already been told off to blockade the main exits was the work of a very few moments. Mr. Morris, with 150 beaters, ran across the valley to deploy the men and bring them up in line on the southern side, Mr. Sanderson himself, with one or two of his picked men, remaining to direct the start and bring up the northern side.

Soon the continuous tapping of sticks in one long semicircular line over a mile in length proclaimed that the excluding performance had commenced. The elephants came forward quietly, and gave but little trouble until close to the main entrance of the surround. Here an unlucky contretempts occurred. Some lunatics, more willing than wise, got in front of them, and the herd broke back a few hundred yards, and encamped itself in a very thick bamboo cover on the banks of the river. By judiciously giving them an hour's rest, closing in the line of beaters to within short range of them with their little fires, they were subsequently forced forward and driven into the enclosure, not however, through the gates, as a bright piece of forethought on the part of Mr. Sanderson had caused the barricade across the river to be removed, so as to give the elephants a choice of paths. The wisdom of this was fully exemplified when the animals dashed into and up the river: the signal rocket was fired, while the thuds of the falling gates and the yells and shouts of the beaters announced the successful issue of the drive. Half the coolies were told off to watch with a hut and

A WATCHFIRE AT EVERY TWENTY YARDS.

Next all available hands were set to work to construct the inner stockade.

On Wednesday, the 10th, the Resident and the Maharajah, with his party, Major Martin, the private secretary, Dr. Benson, Mr. Ricketts, the Inspector-General of Forests, Mrs. and the two Misses Ricketts, with many others, arrived on the scene. On Thursday most of the elephants were driven into the smaller stockade, a few, however, remaining outside, headed by a determined female, who charged repeatedly, her career being finally ended by Mr. Morris when in the act of making a very home charge. After the death of this irregular customer, which quenched the "Budmash," the rest were quietly forced into the stockade by the "Kunkias," where they settled down peacebly with their companions. During the next two days all were tied up without accident, with the exception of one half grown animal that, through its excitement and obstreperousness, got strangled in the river. With the removal of the wild elephants from the Khedda to the open country, the more exciting and interesting part of this sporting undertaking came to a close.

A BLOODLESS TRAGEDY.

The Bitter Disappointment of an Author Over His First Book.

The most humorous thing that ever I saw in one of these institutions, or, indeed, in all my "Hours in a Library," was what I saw yesterday: it was an establishment of some pretentions, and boasted of the newest works, writes James Payn in the London *Illustrotrated News*. A gentleman of about six-and-thirty or so, with his young wife, came in while I was there, and the way in which he looked at one book, and took it up, and put it down again, convinced me that he was the author of it.

It was not quite so certain, of course, as in a picture exhibition, where you see the original, hanging, (like a bit of glass with quicksilver behind it) about his own portrait; but it was equally clear to the one in the same line of business, who had published (though it may not be in the latest catalogue) a first book himself.

What this bashful debutant wanted to ask (I knew) was whether his book was in demand, but being deficient in moral courage he very naturally made his wife ask. To see that charming young person, with much hesitancy and blushing, assume an air of indifference, as she put the desired question to the librarian, while her husband affected to be engaged over the index volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" in a dark corner (but listening with all his ears), was as good as any farce; but when the man answered cheerfully:

"Well, no, ma'am; you are the first that I ever heard ask about it," it was a tragedy to three of us.

A New Adonis.

New York Letter.

A new Adonis has come to the Venuses of the Four Hundred. This is meant in no disrespectful sense. It is intended to convey simply the idea that the summer has developed a beau whom the belles accept as altogether admirable, and whom the forthcoming winter can not fail to exploit socially in town. He is Creighton Webb, whose brother married a Vanderbilt girl, and who has been by Vanderbilt help placed high in the direction of the Wagner Palace Car company. He hasn't a million of his own yet, nor half a million, nor yet a quarter, perhaps, but he will get the first mentioned fortune ere long, and for the present he is entrancing the swell maidens at Newport. My prediction is that he will be the beau-in-chief of the ensuing winter in town. The town season will not be delayed much longer, and already some of the ultra-fashionable are spending a few days at a time here, on their way to one or another of the approved autumn resorts.

—A faded or gray beard may be colored a beautiful and natural *brown* or *black*, at will, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

THE SCHOLAR IN AMERICA.

His Real Value Is Not Appreciated by the Mass of the People.

In his judgment of the scholar the average American citizen has usually only one definite idea—that he is a dreamer quite out of contact with actual life, says the *Atlantic Monthly*. Consider for a moment the genuine amazement and dismay with which the average citizen regards a serious attempt on the part of educated men to exert their due influence in the solution of a great political or economic problem. He seems to look upon them somewhat as he might watch a group of monkeys escaped from their cage and engaged in some mischief, the effects of which they can not be made to comprehend; or, to substitute a simile somewhat more complimentary, that a throng of excited passengers had attempted to dictate the management of a great ocean steamer.

Of course no such view of scholarly activity in the political field will be submitted to. The men who devote their lives to the study of the records of human experience as transmitted in history and literature have not less, but infinitely more, claim to be heard on any important subject than those engaged only in the vulgar scramble for wealth. Emerson's brief essay on politics outweighs and will outlast all the floods of campaign literature and selfish demagogic eloquence which have so often since then deluged the land.

But is there one of the older civilized countries where the organs of the horde of money getters would dare to stigmatize the whole class of liberally educated men as visionary theorists? Imagine a university education regarded in England as a disqualification for high public office! Even in Germany, where political leaders and great scholars seem more nearly the representative men of two distinct castes, the illustrious double career of a Mommsen shows that the gap is not yet impassable. The condition of things among ourselves is an alarming symptom, indicating how far the most highly educated and wisest men have lost their proper leadership in the national councils and the national life.

Now, do the colleges, and the limited body of cultivated, reflective and earnest scholars generally, appeal as directly and sensibly to the average American as they could and should? Among the philosophy few it is an axiom which one rarely thinks of even questioning, that wider knowledge, closer contact with the wise and good of all ages, the assimilation of their best thoughts, the contemplation of their glorious deeds, are the employments which ennoble young and old and make men truly happy.

But the typical American, as Prof. Shaler has very clearly set forth in a recent essay, is only dimly conscious that he ever had any ancestry at all. That the achievements of other races and peoples in the past or present have any lessons of overwhelming value to teach us, he certainly does not believe. That the poetry, the architecture, the plastic arts, can be used to make life more beautiful, more happy, better worth living, he understands at best very imperfectly. Perhaps he is open to conviction. Is a proper effort being exerted to make him realize all this? American men read to a moderate extent. The women of America have large influence, a large share of influence in home and social life, and surely, also, a lofty consciousness of their duty as mothers of the race that is to be. To them, it may be chiefly, we may hopefully appeal.

Again, there is a widespread feeling that American literature is not holding the height attained in the last generation. The subject is quite too large for a reviewer, possibly rather too serious for a professed optimist. But if our literature is losing, or in danger of losing, its vital power, its hold on the national power, may we not find a partial explanation in the fact that a great body of men, claiming, no doubt justly, that they have accumulated knowledge worthy to be widely disseminated, nevertheless disdain to learn and practice the art of adequate and graceful expression?

THE NATIONAL HYMN.

Prof. Sousa Asserts That There is Absolutely None.

Prof. Sousa, of the Marine band of Washington, is, at the suggestion of the secretary of the navy, compiling a book of national airs, which brings to light many interesting points and facts. He makes the statement that America has no typical national hymn, as the English have in "God Save the Queen." The "Star Spangled Banner" and "America," he says, are popular, but not truly national in the sense that they have been unanimously adopted by the people. Besides, the music of the former of these is British.

"Hail Columbia" belongs to the last century, and was composed by a German. Prof. Sousa draws attention to the curious fact that in the case of many national airs the tune is identical, only the words differing. Thus, England, Prussia, Bavaria, Norway, Saxony, Switzerland, Wurtemburg and Sweden employ the same air substantially.

Since our American hymn is yet to be written, our poets should bestir themselves and give their attention to this new field. Julia Ward Howe, Lowell and others, have produced noble verse of the patriotic order. Who will furnish a national anthem which shall "stir our hearts like the Marseillaise" is the cry of the Frenchman? The St. Louis *Chronicle* has just offered a handsome purse for a good national anthem.

Good American Names.

"The Listener" in the Boston *Transcript* discourses of the difficulty in pronouncing French words and phrases adopted into American parlance. A sample is the local pronunciation of the name of the Hotel des Isles, down at Mount Desert; the natives call it "De Sizzle's hotel." Years ago, in the course of his wanderings, the "Listener" came upon a lovely island in the straits of Mackinac which was called Bob Long's. Curious in matters of local nomenclature, he inquired who Bob Long was, and by means of what tradition his name became fixed to the island; and it was explained that the name came from the French, and was spelled Bois Long, "only," said the local authority who was consulted, "that is the way it is pronounced, you know." But this attempt at a genuine French pronunciation, like the Wisconsin *Budamore* for Butte des Morts, is a good deal better than the New York *Bess Bosses* street. This reminds the Buffalo *Commercial* that perhaps no more aristocratic French name ever suffered more from foreign use than that of the early resident and benefactor of Buffalo, Louis LeCouiteulx, Marquis de Caumont. This gentleman is known in this vicinity as "Look-a-too," or "Licky-too." It must be admitted that the name is a pretty tough one for American lips to wrestle with. And all of which points to the moral that it is better, as far as possible, to stick to plain English and good American names.

A Summer Arrangement.

Floating down the quiet river,
Sauntering in the "Lovers' walk,"
Blissful were the hours spent with her,
Listening to her piquant talk.

Every day but drow me closer
To my charmer, while her eyes,
With their welcome seeming warmer,
Filled me with a glad surprise.

Till one day; "O, pray be mine, love,"
Then she ran her tablets through;
"My bethrothed comes in October;
I am yours until he's due."

—*Aristine Anderson.*

A Queer Way of Choosing a Minister.

The Mennonites of the Hammer Creek district held a special meeting yesterday to select a minister according to the usual custom. Twenty-one Bibles were placed upon a table in the meeting-house, one containing a piece of paper. Twenty-one eligible members of the congregation then passed around the table, each taking one of the Bibles. The one containing the slip of paper fell to Jonas Hess, of Lititz, and he was accordingly declared called to the ministry and endowed with the ministerial authority. — *Philadelphia Chronicle-Telegraph.*

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The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and to contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

TO JOIN KILPATRICK,

Lost Their Way—A Raid on Campbleton—The Molasses Was Tar.

AFTER the disastrous raid of McCook, the 5th Iowa was allowed a few days' rest, when they were ordered to report to Gen. Kilpatrick for duty. But so many of the boys had lost their horses, that there were less than 200 horses in the regiment. With these, and about the same number of the 4th Tenn., Col. Patrick in command, left our camp near Sandtown, am a poor hand to remember dates, but our little shindy with the 6th Texas happened while on our way to join Kilpatrick. It was before Atlanta fell into our hands, but our army was tightening the strings all about it. Not far from the river we passed some of the 15th corps on the march. We took a road that led in a southwesterly direction, as we expected to find Kilpatrick's division in camp somewhere in the woods. We were not expecting to run into any rebels before we found Kilpatrick, but as fighting was our business, we never allowed ourselves to be surprised. The 4th Tenn. regiment was composed of as good material as the army could boast of. They were true as steel to friends, but relentless as death itself to enemies. We were going through a dense woods. It was getting near night when our advance was fired on and two men slightly wounded. We examined the ground and discovered that we had disturbed a picket post of cavalry. The colonel hardly knew what course to pursue. He was not expecting to meet an enemy, but he determined to know who it was that fired on our advance. So he ordered forward the whole force. The woods were too dense to think of deploying, so we plunged through on the road by fours, well closed up. On we went, for perhaps two miles, when we encountered a spiteful fire from the front; but we did not slacken our pace, in fact, we could not, for we were in a narrow road. In a few minutes the lights of some village, which we supposed must be Campbleton, on the south side of the Chattahoochee, appeared in our front. Dropping shots still kept coming until we were on the main street, when we encountered quite a number of horsemen, who were glad of a chance to surrender. We learned by the prisoners taken that it was the 6th Texas Cav., of Rosser's Texans we had unceremoniously routed from their camp while at supper. We occupied their deserted camp until morning, when we found that we had taken the wrong road and passed the camp of Kilpatrick, leaving it off to our left; so we had to retrace our steps several miles before we found them.

It was during this Campbleton raid that one of the boys of Co. C, George Adams, did a little foraging on his own account. George was not very popular in the company, on account of a trick he had of sliding to the rear when the bullets began to whistle. When George found out the colonel was determined to charge through the woods, as George could it, neither knowing nor caring a d—n whether he run into the whole rebel army or not, it was entirely too much for George's nervous system, so he slid out to one side and hid until we had all passed. Somewhere in his perambulations he gobbled what I suppose he thought was a jar of molasses. The jar was small in size, with a cloth tied over the top. I think he must have carried it before him on his horse; at all events, instead of its being molasses, it was tar. On the road the bottom of the jar gave way, but it was some time before poor George discovered that fact.

When the comrade did notice that there was something amiss, both his horse and himself were covered with a coat of tar, which it took weeks to get rid of. George did not come near us for several days, but one night the boys knowing there was some reason for his keeping aloof, cornered the boy, and he owned up that he had got a coat of tar, but not the feathers.—DAN KITTLE, Colfax, Iowa.

PLEA FOR THE WIDOWS.

A Comrade Who Would Equalize the Pensions or Stop Them Entirely.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I am not a pensioner, but I will say that I think we have been overlooked to some extent in more than pension claims. We all went into the army through various motives, such as fun, patriotism, adventure and the money in it. Those who went for fun, patriotism and adventure were, I think, fully satisfied. Those who went for the money in it, were payed the same currency with their balance, only a larger sum per month. The private soldier got from $13 to $16 per month in promises, worth at times only 30 cents to 35 cents on the dollar, while the money men received the same promises in considerably larger sums; so much so, that I really think they might be satisfied. Yet they receive all this big pay from Uncle Sam in the way of pensions, or back pay. I think that a poor rank and file soldier's widow should be as much entitled to a fair, living compensation from the government, as any general's widow is to from $2,000 to $5,000 a year, after having paid the general big wages during the war, and likewise after his death. The pensions have been put off and neglected, and, will be, I fear, until the most of us won't need any help. Some say pensions are unjust, etc., etc. I say, give us a fair and equal showing; either equalize the pensions or stop them entirely. What is fair for one is fair for another. Another thing I think needs overhauling, and that is the evidence required, especially that of surgeons, officers, comrades, etc. Many of us are scattered apart, making it an utter impossibility to find either of the above parties without considerable expense, which a great many of us are not financially able to bear. I know of several applicants who were put off by the last Board of Gen. Pension Commissioner, to procure physical attention, for say two months, and then come again. Now, in many instances that would cost the applicant from $20 to $50, which they would hardly feel able, "under present financial standing," to pay at a risk. Our services have been poorly paid for, and our claims seriously ignored heretofore, yet we must hope on. Maybe the present administration and the coming congress may hear the wails and groans of the soldier inmates of the poor houses, and the widows and orphans of such as have passed over the river.—J. P. ADAMS, Co.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Regulus, the Roman General.

W. J. B., Peldon, Ind.: 1.—Marcus Atilius Regulus was a Roman consul for the second time in the year 256 B. C., the ninth year of the first Punic war. In conjunction with his colleague Manlius, he set sail with a fleet of 330 vessels to invade Africa. They defeated the Carthaginian fleet of 350 vessels under Hanno and Hamilcar, landed at Clypea, and ravaged the country. Meanwhile, by order of the Roman Senate, then returned to Rome with his share of the army. Regulus defeated the Carthaginians in a great battle, and captured tow after town, including Tunis. The Carthaginians sued for peace, but when their envoys remonstrated at the extravagant demands of Regulus, he replied, "Men who are good for anything should either conquer or submit to their letters." The negotiations were broken off, and Xanthippus, a Spartian, was made leader of the Carthaginian forces, who defeated the Romans and took Regulus prisoner. After five years' captivity he was sent to Rome, in 250 B. C., along with an embassy to make peace, on condition that he would return if unsuccessful. He persuaded the Roman Senate to re-use to make peace, and returned to Carthage, where it is said he was executed with barbarous tortures; but this story is now generally disbelieved.

2.—The statue of Moses, in the church of San Pietro in Vincolo, at Rome, by Michael Angelo, is "horned," as you say. In Exodus xxxiv, 33-35, we are told that Moses's face shone, after communing with the Lord, and that he put a veil over his face. In many paintings this shining countenance is represented by rays of light shooting upward from each side of his forehead. This is what the sculptor tried to indicate in the statue by what you call "horns."

3.—A tribe of cliff-dwelling Indians were recently discovered in Mexico.

The Veto Power of Governors.

Student, Columbus, O.: There is a great diversity existing among the states as to the veto power of the governors. Four states—Delaware, North Carolina, Ohio and Rhode Island—have never given their governors the veto power. In eight others a very limited veto power has been given, which may be overridden by a majority of the whole number elected to each house. These are as follows, the year in which the veto was granted being added: Alabama, 1819; Arkansas, 1836; Connecticut, 1818; Indiana, 1816; Kentucky, 1799; New Jersey, 1844; Vermont, 1836; West Virginia, 1872. In twenty-four others a two-thirds vote is necessary to override the veto, namely: California, 1849; Colorado, 1876; Florida, 1865; Georgia, 1789; Illinois, 1870; Iowa, 1846; Kansas, 1859; Maine, 1820; Michigan, 1835; Louisiana, 1812; Oregon, 1857; Minnesota, 1857; Massachusetts, 1780; Missouri, 1875; Nevada, 1864; Mississippi, 1817; New York, 1821; New Hampshire, 1792; Pennsylvania, 1790; Texas, 1866 (republic), 1845 (state); South Carolina, 1865; Tennessee, 1870; Virginia, 1870; Wisconsin, 1848. In Maryland (1867) and Nebraska (1875) a three-fifths vote is requisite. But one state (Kentucky) has changed from a two-thirds vote (1792) to a majority vote (1799). In the states the tendency generally has been to increase the strength of the veto power by making the votes of two-thirds of all the members elected requisite to override it, and further by giving the veto power to single single sections of appropriation bills.

Origin of "Labor Day."

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Titles in Great Britain.

Lucy, Ft. Wayne, Ind.: The nobility of Great Britain rank as follows: Knight, baronet, baron, viscount, earl, marquis, duke. Knights in feudal times was one admitted to a military station with certain ceremonies, and when the rank was conferred the recipient was entitled to be addressed as Sir. A baronet is a dignity or degree of honor above that of knight, and having precedence of all orders of knights except those of the Garter; it is the only knighthood that is hereditary. A baron is one who holds the rank of nobility between a baronet and viscount, being the lowest grade of rank in the British House of Lords. Then comes the viscount, followed by the earl, whose rank corresponds to that of a count in France and graf in Germany. A duke in Britain, France and Germany is of a rank above all these, and next to that of duke, who is next to the Prince of Wales, according to the seniority of the patent.

When a Man Can First Vote.

H. O. C., Oil Center, O.: 1.—If a man were born on Nov. 7, 1868, he completes 21 years on Nov. 6, 1889, and can vote on that day. This is, of course, the day before his 21st birthday. 2.—This questioner asks: "An acquaintance of mine says he was prevented from voting on the forenoon of his twenty-first birthday, because he was not of age until the afternoon. Was he legally voting?" The answer is: He was not legal. In the first place, the day before his 21st birthday he completed 21 years, and his birthday was the first day of his 22d year, the same as the day of his birth was the first day of his 1st year. In the second place, the action was illegal because the law in such a case takes no cognizance of a part of a day. The judges of election were either wofully ignorant or willfully violated the law. 3.—We do not know how long a residence a voter must have in the states named.

The 8th Ohio Cavalry.

J. H. A., Buckeye, W. Va., asks: 1.—Who commanded the post at Beverly, W. Va., October, 1864? 2.—Was there a colonel or a major for three months of that year only, and the true name and address *must* be given, if requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Regulus, the Roman General.

W. J. B., Peldon, Ind.: 1.—Marcus Atilius Regulus was a Roman consul for the second time in the year 256 B. C., the ninth year of the first Punic war. In conjunction with his colleague Manlius, he set sail with a fleet of 330 vessels to invade Africa. They defeated the Carthaginian fleet of 350 vessels under Hanno and Hamilcar, landed at Clypea, and ravaged the country. Meanwhile, by order of the Roman Senate, then returned to Rome with his share of the army. Regulus defeated the Carthaginians in a great battle, and captured tow after town, including Tunis. The Carthaginians sued for peace, but when their envoys remonstrated at the extravagant demands of Regulus, he replied, "Men who are good for anything should either conquer or submit to their letters." The negotiations were broken off, and Xanthippus, a Spartian, was made leader of the Carthaginian forces, who defeated the Romans and took Regulus prisoner. After five years' captivity he was sent to Rome, in 250 B. C., along with an embassy to make peace, on condition that he would return if unsuccessful. He persuaded the Roman Senate to re-use to make peace, and returned to Carthage, where it is said he was executed with barbarous tortures; but this story is now generally disbelieved.

2.—The statue of Moses, in the church of San Pietro in Vincolo, at Rome, by Michael Angelo, is "horned," as you say. In Exodus xxxiv, 33-35, we are told that Moses's face shone, after communing with the Lord, and that he put a veil over his face. In many paintings this shining countenance is represented by rays of light shooting upward from each side of his forehead. This is what the sculptor tried to indicate in the statue by what you call "horns."

3.—A tribe of cliff-dwelling Indians were recently discovered in Mexico.

The Veto Power of Governors.

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HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL, AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

time ever made in a trotting race between horses is 2:13¾, by Maud S., at Chicago, July 24, 1884.

"From Shore to Shore."

M. E. C., Boulder, Colo., sends the following stanzas, which she says are to accompany the engraving, "From Shore to Shore," and which were inquired for in the Bureau of Sept. 5:

"In childhood's hour, with careless joy,
Upon the stream we glide;
With youth's bright hopes we gaily speed,
To reach the other side.

"Manhood looks forth with careful glance;
Time steady plies the oar,
While Old Age calmly waits to hear
The keel upon the shore."

Anne Hathaway.

E. A., Sigourney, Iowa: Anne (not Anna) Hathaway was the woman whom Shakespeare married. She was the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a yeoman of Shottery, a village near Stratford, where Shakespeare lived. The couple were married shortly after November 28, 1582, their bond bearing the date of the license issued. The exact date of the marriage is not known. Shakespeare was 18 and his bride 26 at the time. In the following May a daughter was born to them. The cottage of which you speak was Anne Hathaway's home.

Miscellaneous.

C. M. S., Toledo, Ohio: Submit your question to a lawyer.

S. T. Rothwell, Ky.; We cannot publish "Beautiful Snow."

J. G. G., Belvidere, Tenn.: We can not give addresses in this column.

C. F. D., jr., Chucky Valley, Tenn.: We do not know anything about them. See Rule 4, above.

——, Leavenworth N. M. H., Kan.: We have not the rules governing military homes. Write to the secretary of war, Washington, D. C.

J. W. B., Gilroy, Cal.: We can not inform you. The upholsterers here all buy the hair ready curled from manufacturers in the East.

Reader, Leighton, Iowa: The carriage varnish you can buy of any hardware dealer is infinitely better than any you can make, and much cheaper.

B. C., Thomson, Ill.: We cannot give directions for taxidermy in this column. Any bookseller can order you a cheap handbook, at a cost of not over 50 cents.

Subscriber, Tamaroa, Ill.: We do not know what states are so far behind the age that they do not demand proper qualifications of persons desiring to practice medicine.

V. W. Ruddock, Ore.: You can buy railway torpedoes cheaper than you can make them, and without running the risk of blowing your head off by handling such explosive mixtures.

J. P. M., Finnigan, Ky.: There are no statistics collected and published showing the matter you inquire about. All the information to be had is that taken by the census every ten years.

W. L. N., Pance, Nev.: We are unable to answer your questions about railway grades. There is no information that we are aware of that gives the steepest grades on the various roads.

M. D. M., Paulding, O.: Without knowing what business you intended to follow it would be impossible to advise you. Go to your railway agent and get some folders of the South Atlantic lines of railway.

W. B., Russell, Ark.: The leather men in Toledo all say that they purchase leather blacking and oil ready made, as it is cheaper than than they can make themselves and much better. They can give no recipe for it.

G. P., Mingo, O.: Here is a question that has been asked at least a dozen times of us within a year: "What was the name of the man who rang the old Liberty Bell on July 4, 1776?" Nobody knows, so far as we can ascertain; nor can we imagine why it is of the slightest importance.

A. C., Chardon, O.: Whiskers, correctly speaking, are only that portion of a man's beard which is worn on either side of his face, while the rest is shaven clean. A man with full beard cannot be said to wear whiskers. As the very name indicates, the appendages are fragments of a beard.

W. M., Battle Ground, Ind.: Your idea of getting a meridian line will not give a perfectly exact result, we are informed by a prominent surveyor. It is influenced, he says, only by a regular octahedron, or a secondary form which may be reduced thereto by cleavage. The faces are generally rounded, and the edges curved.

M. J., Sumner, Mo.: Of course the great bulk of the saving to the French people through Pasteur's discovery was because of the remedy for the phyllocera. We do not recall his method of killing the microbe of chicken cholera, but we think it is published by the department of Agriculture at Washington. Write them and inquire.

Mrs. J. M., Lo Lo, Mont.: Incubators are successful in poultry raising. Don't ask us to advertise any particular make, for it is contrary to Rules 2 and 3. If you would read these rules you might save yourself trouble. If incubator makers were not willing to do reading, they must advertise in its columns. Poultry questions, too, should go to the Farm.

B. J. G., Coalvale, Kan.: The names of the officers and crew of the Mountjoy, which raised the seige of Londonderry in 1689, and of men in the British navy in 1830 are probably on file in the proper government office in London. The only way, we presume, to obtain them is to hire some proper person there to copy them for you.

J. F. B., Southwell, Kan.: It is cheaper to buy shoemakers' wax ready made than to make it yourself. Melt some rosin, and when liquid add a small proportion of tallow, stirring until thoroughly mixed. The exact proportions can only be found by trial, but hard when cold, melt again and add some tallow; if too soft, add rosin. No beeswax is used.

D. A. M., Ilwaco, W. T.: 1.—We can not publish the poem. 2.—We are not absolutely certain, but have the impression that President Grant vetoed a bounty bill, on the ground that as it would require $200,000,000, the treasury at that time could not stand the expenditure; and that one of the clauses of this bill pensioned Mexican veterans. Hence the veto was not against the soldiers who served in Mexico, but against the entire bill, on the ground of inexpediency at that time.

Reader, Birmingham, Ala.: September is so called from the Latin *septem*, seven, because it was the seventh month of the old Roman year, which began with March, until the change of the calendar under the second king of Rome. Though it then became the ninth month and October, November, and December the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth months, the old numerical names have been strangely retained through the centuries.

Reader, Middlesex, Pa.: 1.—Congress is the name of the supreme federal law-making body; legislature is the name generally applied to the law-making body of a state; parliament to the law-making body of Great Britain. 2.—A shorthand amanuensis should be able to take 200 words per minute, and should be able to write as fast as his employer ordinarily talks. 3.—The salaries of short-hand amanuenses vary. We know of salaries ranging from $6 to $15 a week here in Toledo.

J. H. C., Fulk's Run, Va.: 1.—We are weary of saying that President Hayes took the oath of office privately the day before his public inauguration. 2.—John Heinrich Pestalozzi was born at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1745. He was the father of the modern methods of primary teaching, including what are known as "object lessons." 3.—Friedrich Froebel, born 1782, was a German educator, the inventor of the Kindergarten system of instruction.

R. Y. H., Mulberry Grove, Kan.: Not all the states have an office or a board whose duties refer to agriculture. The only states which elect a commissioner of Agriculture are: Florida, L. B. Wombwell; Georgia, John T. Henderson; South Carolina, A. P. Butler; and Tennessee, B. M. Hord. In the other states, he seems to be an appointed officer, and we have not the roster of appointments. The law in each state determines how often a report shall be made.

J. B., New Lexington, Pa.: 1.—The last bill amending the tariff was passed in 1883. 2.—A trust is a combination of stockholders of different companies engaged in the same business, by which all the different establishments are combined. 3.—A monopoly is the sole power of dealing in any species of goods. If a trust embraces all the dealers in the same line, it may thus create a monopoly; not otherwise. Don't ask but three questions. Two in one count as two.

M. B., Clay, Ark.: 1.—Congress did pass laws allowing negroes to vote, in the Reconstruction acts. 2.—We are not sure what you mean; but Congress has the right to declare who are citizens of the United States, and if any citizens, for any cause whatever, are excluded by a state from suffrage, Congress has the constitutional power to reduce that state's representation in the House of Representatives in proportion. You should remember that the constitution recognizes no color in its provisions as to citizenship.

Homo, Hesperia, Mich.: The appointment of men to the care of lighthouses is vested in the Lighthouse board of the United States. There are fifteen lighthouse districts; the 10th district embraces Lakes Erie and Ontario, up to Grassy Island light, Detroit river; the 11th district embraces the upper lakes, above Grassy Island light. The inspector in charge of the 10th district is at Buffalo; of the 11th, at Detroit; the same engineer is in charge of both, and he is at Detroit. You should address a letter of inquiry to "Lighthouse Board, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C."

M. C. P., Republic City, Kan.: 1.—No President was ever elected "road-overseer" after retiring to private life. The story was told of ex-President Hayes, but it is not true. 2.—Senator Ingalls was never Vice President, and hence never drew the salary of that office. He was only President pro tem. of the Senate, and drew his proper salary as Senator. The President pro tem. of the Senate is not Vice President in case of the death of the elected Vice President. The latter office remains vacant until the next Presidential election. 3.—In case of the death of both President and Vice President, the succession devolves upon the Cabinet, in order, beginning with the secretary of State.

Constant Reader, Hartland, Me.: 1.—Consult a lawyer. 2.—The reason Talmage's sermon, "delivered in a Western state on Sunday, can be printed in a Maine paper on Tuesday," is very simple. It might easily be telegraphed, but it is not. Dr. Talmage prepares his sermons in advance. He has a contract with newspapers which desire to publish his sermons, by which advance copies are sent to them, with the stipulation that they are not to be published earlier than the Monday following the Sunday on which they are delivered. 3.—We do not understand what you mean. In the BLADE office, for instance, Dr. Talmage's sermon is set up just as any other matter is.

SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER
CURES COUGHS, COLDS, AND PREVENTS CONSUMPTION!
I WAS GIVEN UP to die with consumption by a prominent physician. I was advised by friends to try Seth Arnold's Cough Killer and mine to the astonishment of all it cured me and I am now well, hearty man. Thomas D. Paine, Jeweler, Woonsocket, R. I. 25c. 50c. and $1 per bottle.
ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

JAVA'S ANGLING APES.

An Old Traveller's Story of the Monkey And His Crab Dinner.

"Monkey's abound in the island of Java," said an old Eastern traveller, "for shooting them is looked upon as the worst kind of vandalism, and they do very little damage, rarely injuring the crops on the farms, and living chiefly on wild fruits. There is, however, a species of large ape on the island that is not wholly a vegetarian. He is about the size of a small chimpanzee, and when fully grown, his dark face is encircled with a bushy white beard and whiskers, giving it a very whimsical expression, ludicrously like that of a little old man. He is not at all wild, and he seems to have some idea of practical joke-playing, which leads him occasionally to descend to the lower boughs of a high tree in the evening, and hold out his paw, in apparent friendliness, to any one who happens to be near. A person who is not familiar with the queer brute's tricks is apt to suppose that the monkey desires to shake his hand, and goes under the tree for the purpose of meeting the affable advance half way. He is fortunate if he escapes a slap on the face. At all events the paw is withdrawn before the human fingers touch it, and the ape, sitting a few feet above the range of a man's spring, scratches his ribs and gibbers insultingly. The long tail is sometimes lowered instead of the hand, and then the chances of the ape's malicious stroke are greatly increased, for the caudal appendage is extremely lithe and flexible, and is of as much service to its owner as a fifth limb.

"It is a noticeable thing about these tails that they are nearly always badly scarred at the extremity, and frequently bear wounds quite fresh and still bleeding. The natives use their tails as fishing lines, and with them catch the crabs that infest the coasts of the island. These crabs are about the size of the hardshell crustacea of the same species that are offered for sale in our own markets, and the apes are their only enemies, for nobody else on the island cares to eat them. They live in holes several yards above high water mark, and when they emerge to search for food they look cautiously around to see whether an ape is near. If they see one or suspect his presence they go back, and they are so quick in their movements that the investigation is rarely carried to the length of catching them. But the animal has a perfect passion for crab meat, and his appetite must be gratified at any personal sacrifice.

"Going to a hole into which he has seen a crab retreat, he inserts his tail as far as it will extend, which is generally to the end of the cavity. Any person concealed in the vicinity and watching him at such a moment sees the crab suddenly spring at the tail. The fisher sits perfectly still with his mouth wide open, an expression of anxious expectancy on his face, and anticipatory tears gathering in his eyes. He never has long to wait, for Java's crab is very much like the snapping turtle in its disposition. In a few minutes the monkey's mouth closes with a snap, the teeth are clenched tightly, the eyes shut, and the water that has risen to them trickles down the hairy cheeks. The contortions of the countenance speak of torture heroically endured; for the animal has a life, and he is waiting for the prey to bring a fast hold. Then the tail, with the doomed crab clinging to its tip, is jerked swiftly from the hole, whirled around for a couple of seconds to give it impetus, and brought down on the ground with a crash that breaks the crab's shell as thought it were a badly guarded head at Donneybrook Fair. The ape's meal is secured. He picks out the meat, and, with only an interrupting his enjoyment of the repast now and then to moan in self-commiseration and moisten his wounded tail with his tongue."

BUSINESS AFFAIRS.

Following is an extract from the New York *Tribune's* review of money and business:

At this season gold imports may usually be expected, if there is much demand for money here. The August report of exports of breadstuffs, provisions, cattle, cotton and oil shows a gain of over $8,000,000, or 23.8 per cent, but there was also an increase of over $8,000,000 in imports at New York alone, which would indicate an excess in imports over exports of at least $12,000,000 for the month. With the merchandise traffic in that condition, imports of specie are to be expected only in answer to that sort of pressure which would mean collapse in prices, and, in fact, foreign exchanges grow stronger and are close up to the gold-exporting point. * * * Iron production September 1 is reported as 144,068 tons weekly, against 145,899 August 1, a more moderate decrease than many expected. Prices for common iron are still under notice of calling them. But the animal has a perfect passion for crab meat, and his appetite must be gratified at any personal sacrifice.

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BEAUTY PREPARING FOR CONQUEST

BEFORE the looking glas she stands
And combs her rich and glossy hair;
The golden threads glide through her hands
And ripple o'er her shoulders fair.

We mark her fingers' nimbleness,
The movement of her supple wrist
Until we see each silken tress
Imprisoned in a Psyche twist.

The bangs upon her snowy brow
With gentle touch she smootheth down;
The work is done: she's ready now
To don her most bewitching gown.

The dress becomes her charmingly,
And of the fact she is aware.
But oft she turns herself to see
No crease its beauty doth impair.

A collar around her swan white neck
She fastens—snow begurt by snow;
With various trinkets both bedeck
The charms that could their aid forego.

Last, ties, her beauty to enhance,
Around her throat a ribbon grey,
Then gives the glass a parting glance
And to the parlor takes her way.

She enters, radiant as the morn
When soft the perfumed zephyr blows
And rosy tints the skies adorn
And dewdrops sparkle on the rose.

The youth for whom she thus is armed
Is by her loveliness abashed;
He stares, is fascinated, charmed,
In short, incontinently mashed.

BISMARCK IN THE COUNTRY.

The Chancellor's Mail—His Police Protection—His Property.

Prince Bismarck does not enjoy bucolic seclusion and quiet during his summer vacation in the country. To be sure, Varzin, where he has been resting recently, is far from the haunts of Count Waldersee and Continental ambassadors and Emperor William and like great folk who bother him with their wills and their ways in Berlin. Nevertheless, all the turmoil which rages around the big palace Unter den Linden is echoed in that small bit of the Prince's Varzin estate occupied by the Prince's library. To render this possible, elaborate arrangements for getting news from Berlin to Varzin have been made. Bismarck's palace is about two miles from Hammermuhle, through which pass but four trains daily on a second-rate railway. All mail matter which arrives for Bismarck on these trains is sent to him by special delivery. Between trains all of the chancellor's mail arriving at Schlawe, the junction of the big Further-Pommeranian railway and the ramshackle second-class railway which passes through Hammermuhle, is dispatched to Varzin in Bismarck's special mail wagon, accompanied by a special guard.

A rather curious incident lies behind the appointment of this guard. One winter's night before his appointment, several years ago, the station master in Schlawe gave the postilion of the special Varzin delivery a big lot of papers and letters. The most important documents were in a letter box. Before the station master laid on the back part of the sleigh. It was about midnight when the postilion started his horses with a jump for the chancellor's palace. Two blocks from the station the letter bag with the state documents was jounced out of the sleigh and fell to the ground in the town square. A night-watchman named Hader found the package. He mistook its contents for registered letters containing money orders, took the bag home, and hid it under his bed. In the mean time the post wagon had reached Varzin, and the loss had been discovered. Every available servant on the estate was detailed to search for the letter bag. The chancellor offered 500 marks reward to the finder. Schlawe, Varzin, and Hammermuhle were completely upset by the hullabaloo. The night watchman, Hader, became frightened, and consulted with his wife as to the best way of getting rid of his dangerous find. Eventually he took the documents back to the spot where he found them, and threw them on the ground. They were found shortly after daybreak by a little peasant girl, who gave them to the police. According to the chancellor's directions, the little girl's mother received the reward to hold in trust for her. Hader, the watchman, was imprisoned for one year, the station master was discharged, and a special guard was appointed to help the postilion carry the chancellor's mail safely from Schlawe to Varzin. A government telegraph office under a special official, who is sent from Varzin every time the chancellor pauses more than a few days there, now facilitates matters, and arrangements for introducing Berlin unrest into the library of the Varzin palace.

Six Berlin policemen and their captain, in civilians' clothes, carefully watch the prince's palace day and night. Government detectives haunt the railway station at Hammermuhle, the Varzin parks and the forests on the prince's estate. A number known man can get into Hammermuhle or Bismarck's palace without running the gauntlet of at least six or seven Prussian secret service officers.

Bismarck's property in Further Pomerania is valued at about $1,500,000. He owns the estates Varzin, Sallitz, Wendisch-Puliger, Wassow, Gorow and Misdow. In Hammermuhle he has several factories; near his palace, a new large brewery, and at Wendisch-Pudiger a distillery. Bismarck's steam sawmill on the outskirts of Hammermuhle turns out vast quantities of planks and boards, which are shipped to all parts of Europe. Besides all these riches, the Iron Chancellor owns the Manor Reinfeld, near Barnow, the gift of his father-in-law, Herr von Puttkamer. All of Bismarck's estates are famous as model farms, cultivated in accordance with the ideas of the most progressive agriculturists. They are under the supervision of Head Forester Westphal, who lives opposite Bismarck's palace at Varzin.

LEPROSY ON THE INCREASE.

Startling Statements as to the Spread of This Dread Disease.

The heroic death of the leper priest, Father Damien, has drawn the attention of the civilized world to that dread disease, to the victims of which he so nobly devoted his life and service. The Prince of Wales startled England recently by asserting that he knew of a leper being employed in a London abattoir, and now Dr. Morrow, of New York, has made the equally sensational statement that leprosy, instead of being an historical and extinct disease, was gaining ground and largely prevailed in the United States.

It exists in New Brunswick, and a lazaretto is there established; thence it was carried into Louisiana, and from the West Indies it got a foothold along the southern Atlantic coast. One hundred cases are reported at Key West. Indeed, it is found in New Mexico, the Sanwich Islands, Japan, China, India, Palestine, Brazil, Norway and Sweden.

There is something fascinatingly terrible in this perhaps worst of the diseases of man, which is hopelessly incurable, and yet, according to high authorities, is not contagious.

How the Elixir Affects Englishmen.

The Brown-Sequard elixir of life was tried the other day on Noah Clark, a decrepit old man, stiff with rheumatism, and for many years unable to walk. Four hours after the operation it is said that Mr. Clark walked over a mile in twenty-five minutes. He declared he was twenty-five years younger all of a sudden. Why is it that this liquor is not sold at once at all the railway refreshment rooms in the kingdom? On second consideration, perhaps it would be awkward, if, on the arrival at their destination, wives or husbands, relatives or friends, failed to recognize the travellers who had been metamorphosed. *London Court Journal.*

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Gladstone's Library.

Gladstone's library at Hawarden is one of the finest libraries in England. It has more than 20,000 volumes. Mr. Gladstone loans his books to any one in the neighborhood who wants to read them.

CENSUS OFFICE GIRLS.

Their Beauty and Talents—Fast Typewriting and Mysterious Romance.

The Census office is not fairly in running order yet, but the fifty census office girls are a delight to the eye and a joy to the heart. The impression already prevails in Washington, indeed, that there are more fine looking women in charge of Superintendent Porter than the most exact critic in such matters can find set down in the same area in any other bureau of the government. There are matronly women who are soldiers' widows and expert computers. There are the daughters of old families whose lines have been cast in hard places in recent generations. There are airy, fairy creatures, whose recommendation is that they hammer the keys of the typewriter with unusual skill. There is a girl in the Census office, a Miss Deming, who lately invested a dollar in the lottery and drew out one hundred, and promptly invested the hundred in mining stock. There is another, a Miss Throckmorton, who did exactly the same thing once. There are still other cases which do not count. A black watchman, for instance, sold his dollar ticket in the lottery the day before it drew $3000. It is no misdemeanor in the Census office any more that it is in any other goverment bureau to trust to luck now and then.

It has been wickedly suggested that the reputation which the Census office has for the beauty and accomplishments of its clerks has been due to the opinion of the clerks themselves, which they have not hesitated to express. This is doubtless untrue. The impression has reason to be from the repeated statements of congressmen and correspondents who have been permitted by the jealous doorkeeper to penetrate the labyrinths of the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1889.

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THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Quite a number have written to ask for No. 9, a size larger than the above stove. We have arranged to do this: We will give a No. 9 stove with THE BLADE one year for $16; or the stove free for 30 yearly subscribers and $30.

The No. 8 stove takes about 16-inch wood; the No. 9, 18-inch wood. No. 8 has an 18-inch oven; No. 9, a 20-inch oven. We furnish no cooking utensils nor pipe with the stove. We will supply a hot-water reservoir for either No. 8 or No. 9 for $6 *additional*. It is on the rear of the stove, directly under the shelf shown in the illustration. For $3 additional we will furnish a tin warming-closet for either sized stove.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

THE OMNIPRESENT EVIL OF THE SALOON.

No truth is more trite than that constant familiarity with an evil so blunts our perceptions that we soon cease to see its enormity. This is a common experience, and so universal is its application with regard to the saloon that we are hardly able to realize the abomination the presence of this plague-spot on our modern civilization really is, because, from its universality, we lack ready means of comparing the condition of a community free from its blighting influence with those cursed by its presence, and thus marking the difference which really exists.

Few people realize the direful omnipresence of the saloon. Go where you will, if your eyes are open, you must note that it plants itself in the busiest thoroughfares, in the centers of business and employment, in city or village. If a manufactory is established in a city suburb, one or more saloons spring up in the immediate vicinity, not only to minister to the depraved appetites of those already under the spell of Rum, but to tempt others to their downfall. You can not reach a railway depot without having to pass a saloon. Around every manufacturing district, every railroad yard, you will find saloons scattered, so located that a man can not go to or return from his daily labor without having to pass the doors of one or more, and thus constantly be compelled to live in temptation. These outposts of the Rum army are sure to be in advantageous locations to aid in the work of holding mankind in thrall to the Rum Power. No more instructive object lesson can be found than to take a map of any municipality, and mark red dots on the spots occupied by saloons. They have the appearance of a cordon of guard-houses around each hive of human activity.

And wherever you find a saloon, you can not but observe that it is a pernicious thing, educating men downward instead of upward; a school whose teachings incite to immorality, vice and crime; a school with no vacation and no holidays, which does not even observe the Sabbath unless the strictest surveillance is kept up, and hence is far more potent for its devilish work than the school and the church are for the right education of children and adults; for it goes steadily onward for seven days in the week, and fifteen to eighteen hours a day. It is practically sleepless. Yet the great bulk of the community goes onward without seeing the evil that is wrought, without reckoning the cost of the saloon, not alone to those who are its frequenters, but to themselves, who pay the taxes and carry the financial burden of the government—a burden that is enormously increased through its baleful influence.

It is a fact not to be gainsaid that the saloon is the most costly institution in the United States to-day. It is a mistake, on purely economic grounds, for the people to allow it to exist. It first eats up the substance of its patrons, giving them no equivalent for their money. On this score alone it should be exterminated. No transaction can be deemed business which makes no valuable return for the money expended. It is a costly mistake, in the second place, because of the enormous aggregate expense that must be borne by the state and its tax-payers, to support police systems, and courts, and jails, and workhouses, and penitentiaries—yes, and poorhouses and insane asylums as well. It is a costly mistake, too, for a people who value order and the maintainance of law, for the saloon sets the example to all who are inclined to violate law, flaunt at the authority of the people through the officers they elect, and rebel against wise and wholesome regulations. The saloon is the chief factor in the struggle to overthrow Sunday observance. It is the enemy of the Christian Sabbath, simply because it demands one day more per week to prey upon the people. It is the foe of all that is proper and decent in life; it would destroy Christianity itself, had it the power, because religion is the enemy of drunkenness. It is the enemy of morality, of law, of public order.

The saloon is a costly mistake in "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," because the inevitable result of the drink habit is to make men become its slaves, and the saloon thus becomes their masters, controlling their votes when it needs them. It has at its command the basest, the least worthy of the voting constituency, and affords a rallying-point for all that makes up the most vicious, most dangerous element in our politics. And it invariably directs this force to perpetuate and extend its own power, and to subserve its own unworthy ends. In point of fact, this debased element, controlled by the Rum Power, through the saloons, has already come to be a most dangerous thing in our American cities. In many of them the city government is run at the dictation of the saloons. Municipal legislatures are nests of bribery and corruption; police departments are at the beck and call of the saloon interest.

In point of fact, there is no city of any magnitude in the country, in which the Rum Power, through the saloons, has not attempted—and often succeeded—in securing control of the municipal government. It does not depend entirely upon the debased and drunken class of voters. It strikes for higher game, and controls the men who aspire to public office. If it can not do so in any other way, it accomplishes this through fear. The Rum Power makes such men afraid to take active measures in opposition to its demands; if it can not control them as its friends, it dares them to make it an enemy. The word goes out against the one who defies its power, and the party caucuses are packed against him. If he can not be defeated there, his political ruin is accomplished at the polls, where he is traded off for votes for other candidates. By hook or by crook, his defeat is accomplished, and he finds the avenues of political preferment closed against him. Then the word is passed around why he was defeated, in order that others who may be inclined toward offensive work against the saloon element may be intimidated.

The Rum Power aims at nothing less than to be allowed unlimited control. It desires that Sabbath observance may be abolished in its favor; that no restriction shall be placed on the saloon by early closing laws; that nothing shall be allowed to interfere with its career of ruining men; that its favorites shall be put in political power. In point of fact, it seems to imagine that it rightfully owns the earth, and that the decent classes of society are usurping its claim. It must be disabused of this idea. It must be shown that it exists simply upon sufferance, where it does exist, and not by right; and that, so far from perpetuating itself, it must prepare for its coming extinction. It is an insolent, overbearing, despotic tyrant, desperately endeavoring to erect an empire on the ruins of all that is good and pure. The saloon must be crushed. All good men must unite in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

NO MORE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We have decided not to offer a sewing machine in connection with THE BLADE any longer this season. We are o ffering number of new articles, to be sold with the paper, for announcements of which see the first page of last week's issue, and the fifth page of to-day's BLADE. One offer is on fine toilet and table ware; the other, THE BLADE cook-stove. Our space is limited, and we have thought best to withdraw the sewing machine offer for this year. We may or may not renew it next year; circumstances must determine. Meanwhile we want you to read carefully our offers on these new articles; you will find that they are the most liberal we have ever made, and that the useful articles we offer are cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, besides including THE WEEKLY BLADE. Read the offer, by all means.

SCHOOL days have begun again, and here is a timely little lecture from the Buffalo *Express* appropriate to the season: "How much of the true inwardness of home life is made manifest in school! The observing teacher can tell more of what a home really is by the appearance of the children who come under her care than can the person who spends a month as a guest of a family. Here is one boy who wears nice clothes—that is, costly clothes—but whose coat is never brushed, whose buttons are always missing, whose bare knees always show through holes in breeches and stockings. Next to him sits a boy whose suit cost $2 95, but whose collar is clean in the morning at least, whose clothes are brushed and cleaned and mended, who in short shows those evidences of maternal care which all children should receive. What a tale those boys tell the teacher!" Cannot every mother of the school-boy "catch on" to the moral?

A REPORT comes from Washington that the Republicans in Congress will propose three distinct measures dealing with the revenues. The first will be purely administrative, and will not encounter partisan opposition. The second will provide for the removal of the internal revenue tax on tobacco; and as such a clause was embodied in the two rival bills before Congress last winter, it is to be expected that it also will pass without trouble. The third measure, however, will provoke a battle royal, for it will be a bill to revise the tariff. The Republicans will provide for revenue reduction while preserving protection, while the free traders will oppose anything that does not stab home industries in a vital spot.

WE are glad to see that the Democrats of Iowa stoutly adhere to "tariff reform" of the Cleveland free trade brand. It is characteristic of Bourbon stupidity. In 1884, with a Democratic platform that straddled the tariff issue, BLAINE carried Iowa by 19,773 majority over CLEVELAND, the latter receiving over 47 per cent of the total vote. In 1888, with a Democratic free trade platform, HARRISON had 31,721 majority over CLEVELAND, and the latter's vote fell from 47 per cent to 44⅛ per cent of the total number in the state. In 1884 the Democrats elected four out of the eleven Congressmen; in 1888, only one. It is a good thing for Iowa and for the Republican party that the Democrats of the state adhere to free trade.

FALL trade opens out nicely. There is none of that uncertainty that hedged about the business situation a year ago, when it was a debatable question whether the people, misled by demagogues and free trade visionaries, would not deal a terrible blow at our industries and consequently to all kinds of business by electing a Congress pledged to the Cobden club idea. That danger is happily passed, and trade moves actively in its accustomed channels with that confidence which only stability brings.

GOV. GORDON, of Georgia, in his speech at the Chattanooga reunion pledged the "eternal fealty" of the ex-Confederates to the United States constitution. But acts speak louder than words, and GORDON'S gush does not count for much in the face of the fact that the provisions of the constitution guaranteeing equal political rights to all men, white or black, are nullified in the ex-Confederate commonwealths.

SOMEBODY in New York is endeavoring to start a movement to build a monument in that city to "Sunset" COX. The people of that city would better build the Grant monument and the centennial arch before talking of erecting anything else.

THE office is certainly seeking the man in the case of the Pension commissionership.

CENSUS STATISTICS OF MORTGAGES.

After due consideration, it has been decided to abandon the idea of having the regular census enumerators obtain statistics of mortgages, and the amounts yet due upon them. The inquiries made by the enumerators, it is thought, are sufficiently inquisitorial as they are; and to load the schedules with inquiries relative to a man's indebtedness might create such distrust and resentment that he would refuse to answer other questions to which the answers are equally important. The work of collecting these statistics will therefore be left to special agents and such aid as they employ.

The effort will be made to obtain the facts from the records in as many cases as possible from the recording officers. A fixed price per instrument recorded will probably be fixed by the Census bureau, and those recording officers of states and counties who are willing to do the work for that price will get it to do. Where they are unwilling to do it, it will be done by the special agents of the department. So far as has been now determined, the payments on mortgages will be ascertained by correspondence with the mortgagees, although much data can probably be obtained from insurance companies, investment companies, and the records of mortgages cancelled.

One of the most interesting questions to be determined in making up averages and estimates, is the life of a mortgage. Mr. LORD, of the Illinois bureau, prepared a report on mortgage indebtedness, which showed an intelligent comprehension of the subject, and contained many valuable data, but he erred in this respect. He determined the life of the mortgage from the record. That is, if a mortgage was given for one year, he counted it for one year, without reference to the fact that it might still be in force. The fact is that not only do many mortgages remain unpaid beyond their nominal date of expiration, but in many cases this is expected and intended.

It is quite the custom with savings banks and other corporate investors to draw their mortgages for one year, without expecting any payments, except perhaps small instalments, for a number of years to come. At the expiration of the year the mortgage becomes practically payable on demand, and the bank has a more complete control of it than if it were payable at a fixed date in the future. If there appears to be risk in the investment steps can be taken to foreclose at any time. It is also an advantage to the mortgagor by enabling him to pay off his indebtedness sooner than he might if he were obliged to wait for a definite date.

Measures will be taken to ascertain the real as well as the nominal dates of the discharge of mortgages, and averages obtained for different sections of the country can probably be safely applied to contiguous territory, where industrial conditions are similar. The report on this subject will embody a compilation of the laws of the different states relating to mortgages. Already data are being gathered to guide the census bureau in obtaining its statistics. When the time comes, however, for preparing the full abstract of the law of each state, it will be intrusted to the local agents and the results submitted for verification to the attorney general or some other legal officer of the state.

A REALLY good pun, or joke, or humorous story, is immortal. It may drop from sight for a term of years, but it is sure to come to the surface again—in a new dress, it may be, but still the same old chestnut. The latest example of this truth is the following neat little story which we find in the Boston *Transcript:*

> Years ago an English channel pilot was necessarily, on account of rough weather, brought to this country on a Cunarder, and was so anxious to be sent back again that an American humorous poet versified his mental anxiety in this paraphrase:
>
> "That Mersey I to others show
> That Mersey show to me."

The original of this pun is as follows: Some time during BUCHANAN'S Presidency (1857-60), the story was told of the doorkeeper of Secretary of State WM. L. MARCY. Several politicians called on urgent business, but were told that Mr. MARCY was out. They doubted the doorkeeper's word, when that functionary, who was of down-east Yankee lineage, paraphrased the couplet of the hymn as follows:

> "That Marcy I to others show
> That Marcy show to me."

THERE is a revival of speculation as to the probable successor to the late STANLEY MATTHEWS on the Supreme bench of the United States. In view of the many suggestions that this or that member of the Cabinet would be promoted, one of President HARRISON'S most intimate personal friends of quoted as saying that a short time ago Mr. HARRISON'S attention was called in a private conversation to these reports, and after referring them in a general way, he said:

> I have no intention whatever of breaking the present organization of my cabinet for the purpose of filling any office. When I selected the gentlemen who comprise my cabinet I did so with the determination of retaining them in the position to which they were called as long as they proved useful and satisfactory, and I can not see what there would be for the country to gain in shifting them to other positions. If there were not gentlemen outside of the cabinet who would make good justices of the Supreme court there would be a warrant for breaking the cabinet to fill the Matthews vacancy.

BRAZIL seems to be advancing steadily in liberal ideas in her politics. Last May the Conservative cabinet—appointed under the regency of Princess ISABEL in March, 1888, during the absence of the Emperor on his European tour—was dismissed by DOM PEDRO, and the Liberal party recalled to power. The lower house of the Brazilian Parliament was dissolved, and a general election ordered for a new one. This resulted in the return of 95 Liberals and 30 Conservatives. The people have thus indorsed the progressive ideas of the Emperor, and the proposed reforms of the newly-appointed cabinet, by giving them over three-fourths of the popular branch of Parliament.

THE Hartford *Courant* makes a suggestion that is eminently reasonable. It thinks that if passengers were required to enter railroad cars at one end, say the forward door, and to go out by the rear door, each car would be filling as it was emptying, there would be no crowding and kicking, and there would be system. Time would be saved and order established. The suggestion is so good a one that some go-ahead railway manager should adopt it. Its practical workings would lead to its universal adoption very speedily.

THAT is a sensible proposition to take the thirteen monitors now lying in the James river, arm them with 8-inch steel rifled guns, on disappearing carriages, and use them for coast defense. It is not only feasible, but would be cheap. The monitors are of no use with their present smooth-bore armament. Re-fitted on the plan proposed, they would be nearly invulnerable.

THE silver conference in Paris came to a most unsatisfactory conclusion. The delegates from Great Britain and Germany offered no hope that their governments could be induced to join the United States and the Latin Union in an international readjustment of the ratio between gold and silver, and the consequent extension of the double monetary standard.

A YEAR ago the Democrats were predicting that the country would be ruined if HARRISON were elected. They are certainly not entitled to seats among the prophets. Everything is going along smoothly with the people, and nobody is worrying over a lack of prosperity save Bourbon politicians.

OUR IMMIGRANTS.

With the increased facilities for ocean transportation, and the great reduction in the price across, a sinister change is coming over the character of the immigration to America. Formerly the great mass of foreign-born people who sought our shores were farmers or skilled mechanics, generally with some frugal accumulations, and necessarily of an intelligent and self-reliant class, the material of which good American citizens could be made. Now the steamship companies, in the intense competition between them, send out their agents to gather cargoes of emigrants from the least skilled and least intelligent labor classes, the only requisite being that they possess enough to pay their passage-money. They are landed here with practically no means, and without the skill and knowledge necessary to secure a good living.

There is also a change for the worse in the nationality of these immigrants. The southern and eastern parts of Europe now furnish a large percentage of these new comers. They are Italians, Poles, Russians, Bohemians, and people from the mixed races inhabiting the provinces and principalities of Southeastern Europe; and there are indications that we will have thousands of Arabs dumped upon our shores if the people do not wake to the grave dangers that must arise from the wholesale immigration of these inferior and unassimilible elements. They are far inferior to the Germans, the Scandinavians, the English, Scotch and Irish, as possible American citizens. The latter are from the same primitive race-stock; the other named have but little or no affinity therewith, and their race traditions, political ideas, manners and customs are not in concord with those on which our American life is based.

This matter is one that transcends in importance any mere political or party measure, and its discussion should be kept on a higher plane. The future weal of the country is dependent upon the solution the present gives to the problem this change in our immigration presents. We need to have strict supervision of immigration, not here at the end of the oceanic journey, but by consular or other government agents in Europe, so that there may be a preliminary sifting out of paupers and criminals and other manifestly unfit persons. But this step, necessary as it is, is but temporary, and does not reach the main point, which is, where shall the line of exclusion, which it is becoming a necessity, be drawn? We should have, in both parties, men who can rise high enough above questions of party expediency to grapple with this problem in a spirit of the highest statesmanship and deal with it in the interests of the Republic's future welfare.

TO WATER COLORADO.

The Colorado Senate committee, now in session at Denver, is considering the feasibility of a scheme, which if undertaken will be the most gigantic ever placed in operation on the continent. Colorado has the finest soil in America, were it but supplied with water. To meet this demand, the state proposes to utilize the everlasting hills, by damming up the grand canons that rend the sides of the Rockies, to hold back the melting snows that flow off their white peaks and wash their red sides every Spring, and run the water off as needed. Engineers say the scheme is practicable, and while it may make the prospects of Denver and Colorado's smaller cities, of experiencing another Johnstown, glow with bright promise, it will, if executed, transform an arid desert into one of the brightest blossoming gardens of this great agricultural nation.

BULGARIA, although semi-independent, owes allegiance to Turkey, and is a part of the Ottoman Empire. Now comes the news that it is about to declare its independence. It has about 3,160,000 inhabitants, of whom only a little over 600,000 are Turks, the rest being classified as Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, Gypsies and a few Russians, Serbs, Slavs, Germans and French. In religion there are 2,432,154 of the orthodox Greek church, 668,173 Mahometans, 18,539 Roman Catholics, 24,352 Israelites, etc. The reigning sovereign is Prince FERDINAND, who was chosen in 1887. He has made himself popular and has promoted the movement for throwing off the yoke of Turkey. But will the Sultan's government submit to the dismemberment? For smaller reasons than this the Great Powers have been drawn into an Oriental war in the past.

EX-SECRETARY BAYARD decisively refused to be the Democratic candidate for governor of Delaware next year, and has announced himself in favor of the nomination of ex-Representative JAMES WILLIAMS. This open advocacy on BAYARD'S part of course sets the SAULSBURY interest against WILLIAMS, while the WALCOTT men will have none but one of themselves. The intensity of the struggle for political control in this little state can be seen in the activity already exhibited as to candidates for an election that will not occur until November of 1890.

The Republicans had 34 majority on joint ballot in the last Ohio legislature. They ought to and can control the next one by as broad a margin, but they must work to secure it.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Just so; and hence they must nominate strong men for legislative positions—not these who will have to apologize and explain from the moment of their nomination until the polls close with their defeat next November.

A CAREFUL collation of examples shows that the men who have been sneering at President HARRISON because he had an honorable and honored grandfather are generally persons whose own grandfathers had no record of which their descendants can be proud, or else don't know who their own grandfathers were.

SOME forty years ago Rhode Island abolished capital punishment, and the statistics of crime in the state during that period are said by the governor to be very satisfactory. The per cent of capital crimes has not increased, and punishment has been as certain as under the old system.

WE hope the secretary of the Treasury will adopt a new form for the monthly debt statement—one that will give the exact condition of the bonded debt, as compared with the previous month, and of the cash in the treasury, also omitting the misleading item, "debt less cash in the treasury."

THE great London strike is over, and on and after November 1 the longshoremen will get 10 and 12 instead of 8 and 10 cents an hour. In this country they get 40 cents an hour and ten hours' work a day. But England is the free trade paradise and the workingman's Hades.

GOVERNOR WILSON of West Virginia states that he does not propose to call a special session of the legislature to act on the question of the governorship until January 1, 1890. He intends to hold on to the office as long as he can, of course. That is the stamp of a true Bourbon.

IN a recent magazine article JEFF DAVIS asks, "Does the Majority Rule?" Not in your own state of Mississippi, JEFFERSON. If it did, it would have a complete set of Republican officials, United States senators and a Republican majority of the representatives.

THE new cruiser Baltimore is one of the fastest war vessels afloat. She is a triumph of American mechanical skill, and an object lesson in favor of protection and the fostering of home industries.

FREE TRADE AND COMPARATIVE CHEAPNESS.

All that the free trade doctrinaires claim for their theory, when reduced to its lowest terms, is that it will reduce the prices of some—not all—manufactured commodities to the consumer. But they are not willing to admit the inevitable dilemma that would be presented to the people of the United States, were these zealots of the Cobden school to have their tenets adopted in this country, that either our great industrial establishments would have to close their doors, or else that the working people of America would have to submit to a reduction in wages that would amount to from one-third to one-half of the present rates.

Let us look at the two horns of this dilemma. Suppose that the great establishments in industries whose products are manufactured more cheaply in free trade England than here, were put into direct competition with English pauper-labor products by the adoption of free trade in this country. They can not put the goods upon the market as cheaply as their foreign competitors. No sane man is going to continue to manufacture and sell at a loss. One of two alternatives offers itself: either to stop the mills, or cut down the wages of operatives. Suppose the workmen resist the latter? There is then no course open but to close the doors and stop work. With tens of thousands of these employes thrown out of work, what is the result? These workingmen must live. Their circumstances are not such that they can remain in idleness long without bringing themselves and their families to want. They must either accept the reduction in wages to the English standard, or find occupation in other lines of labor.

What is the lesson of history, the experience of former dull times and scarcity of work, when thousands of men were seeking labor? It is simply that when the labor market is glutted wages go down all along the line. Not only does the rate paid fall in the now protected industries, but they drop all along the line. The men in mine and foundry, in shop and forge; the clerks in offices, in banks, behind the counters of retail stores; the carpenters, masons, painters and others engaged in mechanical occupations, down to the men who subsist on unskilled labor, all feel the depression. The wages or salary of each and every one of them goes down. Theories are all very well in their way, but this is a cold, hard fact, proved over and over again in the history of the labor market of the United States and of the world.

The result of the adoption of a free trade policy would necessarily, then, result in a reduction of the incomes of a vast majority of the American people. There is no escape from it. It will not do to depend upon the free trade lie that "raw materials would be so much cheaper that manufacturers would be able to pay as high wages and make as much as they do now." England has free raw materials, but her rate of wages averages but a little over half that paid in the United States. And how about the men who produce the raw materials? In all manufactures of iron and steel, of wood, and those in which any minerals constitute the raw material, the price of labor is the one essential factor in its cost. If raw materials, owing to the lower rate of wages abroad, could be brought here cheaper than we could produce them, foreign materials would be used, and our home workingmen find their occupation gone.

Nor will it do to say that, even if the rate of wages is reduced, the price of the things the workingmen purchase would be so reduced that the purchasing power of wages would be as great as now. The workingmen of this country do not live exclusively upon protected articles. The would find, by experience, that many of the factors of the cost of living would be nearly if not quite as high as now, and that a dollar would go but very little further than it does now. The observations of the party of American workingmen now traveling in Europe are conclusive on this point. They declare that the standard of living among the people is lower in Europe than here, and that not only are wages higher here than there, but their purchasing power is practically as great.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to aid us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

THE Rochester, N. Y., *Post-Express* is now edited by the gentleman who was editor of the Buffalo *Courier* in 1884, when that paper was the personal organ of GROVER CLEVELAND. Last year the *Post-Express* did not support HARRISON, although it repudiated CLEVELAND. In the light of the above facts, the following editorial expression from the *Post-Express* is valuable:

> We have distrusted Mr. Blaine for years, and said many bitter things against him in times gone by; but it is very difficult to justify his recent career with the theory that he was ever a rascal in the full sense of the word, though he no doubt made many mistakes, and did some mean and possibly some wrong things in the course of his life. When he refused to become a presidential candidate in 1888, after the nomination had been virtually put at his disposal, he touched a moral height that no other man of our time has reached; and compared with Cleveland, who lied, intrigued, and stultified himself to get a renomination, Blaine must be pronounced a model of consistency, self-denial and patriotism. It is Hyperion to a Satyr.

THE Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* frankly declares that the stories about BRODIE and GRAHAM going over the Falls of Niagara were lies. We shall now have another proof of the adage that the truth can never overtake a lie. The stories concerning BRODIE and GRAHAM'S alleged feats were spread broadcast by the telegraphic press reports, and tens of thousands of people, attracted by the staring head-lines, read them, who will never see the contradictions.

ABOUT three weeks hence the presidential election occurs in Hayti. The choice of HIPPOLYTE is a foregone conclusion, of course. That matter, however, does not bother the Haytians as much as the financial problem. The long series of revolutions have been very costly, and the debt of the republic is now about $14,000,000. It now has become a problem whether the people can bear the taxation this burden entails.

GEN. FISK, Presidential candidate of the third party last year, declared a few days ago, in a speech at Newark, N. J., that while he is a Prohibitionist, he is also in favor of local option. In this he differs from most of his third party friends. They oppose local option because it gives no reason for a separate political party; and they are more anxious to set up the latter than to pulverize the Rum Power.

THE congressional elections next year in Georgia promise to be unusually interesting. "There will be a mighty shaking up of congressmen," said a Democratic politician to the Atlanta *Constitution.* "The men in the towns have controlled the nominating conventions heretofore. The farmers are now aroused and will be out in force."

WITHIN thirteen months the government has purchased and retired $199,000,000 of its bonded debt, paying $231,000,000 in so doing. That is, it paid about $32,000,000 premium. But the interest saved amounts to $76,000,000; hence the government is a clear gainer to the amount of $44,000,000. Good enough.

SOLDIER LIFE SHORTENS THE SPAN OF EXISTENCE.

At the Eighth Brigade encampment of the Grand Army posts of the Eighth Ohio Congressional district, held on September 14, Governor FORAKER was present, and in the address he made took up a topic that has been several times referred to by THE BLADE in connection with the pensioning of veterans of the civil war. This is, the bad effect of the years of campaigning upon the human system, and the consequent "breaking down" of the body years earlier than would otherwise be the case, through the excessive strain put upon the vital forces. Governor FORAKER said:

> I hold in my hand an address by Dr. Wm. Caldwell, the retiring president of the Northwestern Medical association. It is no relation of the events of the war from a partisan standpoint, but simply its effects viewed from a medical standpoint and told by a physician. It tells the most powerful story which can be imagined of the hardships, privations and sufferings which were endured by our soldiers in that mighty struggle. In this address Dr. Caldwell states that the average age of the veterans on the pension roll is 50 years, and the average age at death is 56 years, the average age at death of soldiers' widows is 51, the average life of the fathers of soldiers is 79, and of their mothers 75.
>
> Thus we see that the fathers of the Boys in Blue who were not affected by the war lived to to the average age of 79, and their mothers to the average age of 75. The widows of the soldiers only lived to average age of 61. We thus find that the mothers of the soldiers who did not suffer from the hardships of the war lived on an average of fourteen years longer than the widows of the soldiers. The fathers lived an average of 22 years longer than the sons who went to fight their country's battles. The son who marched under the flag of victory lives to the age of 56, the father to the age of 79. The good wife who stayed at home and fought the battle of life for her fatherless children had her life shortened from 75 to 61 years. The lives of the men were shortened 22 years, of their wives 14 years.
>
> When Gen. Hurst said that more men had been had been cut down in that terrible struggle than had been killed in Europe in battle in three-quarters of a century, he might also have told of the vast number of indirect sufferers whose lives were shortened also so cruelly in that mighty struggle. Only by looking at this subject in this way can we get a correct appreciation of the greatness of the victory and the magnitude of that struggle from Bull Run to Appomattox.

POSTAL-CARD ENGLISH.

Ever since the introduction of the postal card into this country, there has been a legend on the face intended to warn people against writing anything save the address on that side. Fifteen years have passed, but the legend is still somewhat unsatisfactory. On the first issue it read:

> Place the address only on this side.

This was objected to by purists as being nonsense, it meaning that the address need not be repeated on the other side, through the misplacing of the word "only," which should have followed "place." After a few years, the legend was changed to:

> Pince the address on this side—the message on the other.

This was criticised as cumbrous and unnecessarily elaborate. A third attempt to improve on it was then made, with this result:

> Nothing but the address can be placed on this side.

Whoever authorized this did not fully understand the force of the auxiliary verb "can," which here simply denotes ability; the legend, then, simply meant that nobody was able to place anything but the address on the face—a statement most certainly untrue. The next effort at expressing the idea grammatically and elegantly is the form now existing, viz:

> Nothing but the address to be on this side.

A new issue is now contemplated, and we may anticipate another effort to express the idea that only the address should be placed on the face of the postal card. Why not say so, and be done with it, if it is to be said? Is the English language so difficult that no one connected with the Postoffice department can manage to write a succinct and correct sentence? But we can see no reason for placing any legend on the postal cards at all. Fifteen years have sufficiently familiarized the people, we should suppose, with the idea that one side of the postal card is for the message, and the other for the address, that they will be able to do so without printed directions.

MR. KNOX'S NEW STORY.

We ask our readers not to forget that Mr. THOMAS W. KNOX, the noted author-traveler, is engaged at the present time in writing a serial story for THE BLADE. He has not yet decided on its title, nor are we yet able to make a further announcement of its scope and aims, except that it will be a temperance story, and probably also a tale of travel. Of one thing all may be sure—that it will be an extremely interesting one, to young as well as to old, and alone well worth the price of a year's subscription to THE BLADE.

THE negotiations now pending between the government and the Sisseton and Wahpeton Indians of Dakota are progressing favorably, and will end by adding 789,000 acres of tillable land to the area now open for settlement. The Sissetons will probably all take lands in severalty, and under the terms of the law for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians every male over 21 years of age who accepts a share is thus made a citizen of the United States, and has exactly the same status before the law as any other citizen.

IT is a singular fact that the Democratic party is opposed to any law which confessedly conserves the purity of the ballot. The city registration laws in Ohio is openly antagonized by the boodle gang of Democrats here. And in Montana the Democrats are conducting their campaign on a single issue, opposition to the territorial election law which provides for the registration of voters. They denounce this law as an "infamous thing," and expect all friends of fraudulent elections to make a demonstration against it.

THE Saginaw *Courier-Herald* is the official Democratic paper of that city. In reference to the tariff on salt it is not in keeping with the advanced free trade ideas which the Democratic party holds. It says:

> The *Courier-Herald* believes that if the salt manufacturers of the United States will prepare a memorial to Congress showing the present depressed condition of the salt business, and asking for additional protection from foreign competition, they can secure such tariff legislation as now appears to be needed. Congress will meet in December, and now is the time to act.

IT is a most creditable thing that there was not a single criminal case growing out of the great strike of the dock laborers in London. With over 50,000 men engaged, and they on the verge of starvation, such a record of strict observance of law and order is unprecedented. By this forbearance they retained the cordial sympathy of the English people; and this sympathy with them and their cause contributed largely to their success.

THE Troy, N. Y., *Times* is an intelligent observer of Ohio politics, as the following editorial paragraph from its columns bears witness:

> Gov. Forker is making a series of great speeches in the Ohio campaign. Compared with his addresses those of Mr. Campbell, the Democratic nominee for governor, produce no impression on the sentiment of the state. Ohio affairs have been too well conducted by the present administration to create a feeling among the people that a change would be desirable.

WILLIAM II seems to be growing rapidly in popularity in Germany. The spirit of national unity is progressing, and the enthusiasm of the people for the Fatherland is on the increase. This is a hopeful outlook, if Germany is to hold the position of arbiter of peace or war in Europe which the continental political situation now gives her.

MONTANA will be the first commonwealth in the United States to test the Australian system. It will be operative at the state election in October.

THE THIRD NUMBER

Of Mr. Robinson Locke's Interesting Series of German Letters—Sunday Night in Hamburg.

In to-day's issue we give Mr. LOCKE'S third illustrated letter from North Germany. It is especially interesting one, in that it gives a most vivid account of one mode of spending Sunday evening customary among the people, not only of Hamburg but of all other German cities and towns. An American, unfamiliar with the habits of the Germans, would probably jump to the conclusion that the throngs participating in such a scene, and on Sunday night, were probably of an utterly abandoned class; but this is not true in the least. They are honest, hard-working, moral, and probably the attendance at such a place contains as large a proportion of religious, church-going people, as among the same class in America.

There is no one thing in which there is a wider divergence of customs and of feeling between us and the residents of Continental Europe—not the Germans alone, but the people of Europe generally, outside of the Bristish Isles—than in the matter of Sunday observance. It is to be remembered, too, that Germany is largely Protestant, and though there are many Catholics, the national ideas concerning Sunday, in their divergence from ours, are not to be attributed to Catholicism. Mr. LOCKE was very desirous to give the readers of THE BLADE a clear idea of the German Sunday, and could not do so without going among the people, and visiting the resorts they frequent, in order to furnish a graphic and realistic picture. This matter of German Sunday customs will be treated of in future letters. Meanwhile, we advise all to read his extremely interesting description of a Sunday night in a Hamburg popular resort, given in this week's letter.

WILKIE COLLINS DEAD.

One of the most popular among English novelists, next to DICKENS and THACKERAY, was Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, whose death has just been reported by cable. This is not an unexpected event, for although not an old man, being yet in his sixties, his health has been for some time past, hopelessly failing.

Mr. COLLINS'S literary work was distinctive in the power and fascination of his plots, which he had marvelous skill in developing. He gave little attention to description of scenery or of surroundings, beyond what was absolutely necessary to the elaboration of his scenes. There was little play of words for play's own sake, but intense action from first to last. His characters were all subordinated to one central idea, and there were never any who were superfluous.

His stories were read with avidity by all classes of people, for they were neither sensational enough to disgust the cultured, nor so philosophical as to weary those who simply desired entertainment. Perhaps his most popular work was "The Woman in White," although there were two or three others, "No Name," "The Law and the Lady," and "Armadale," that nearly approached it in public estimation.

The roll of those who have been literary favorites in England for the past three or four decades is rapidly shortening, and soon there will be no names left. There are hosts of new claimants to popularity, but their work is of an entirely different character, and so far, especially in the line of purely romantic writing, but very few stand forth in any decidedly individualized style. Whether the new school is, in any sense, an advance upon the old, depends largely upon the degree to which the taste of the readers has been educated by the older writers.

Mr. Collins's death will cause deep regret this side of the water, where his stories have as great a degree of popularity as with the English public.

DURING the Cleveland administration, the customs revenue was systematically robbed at the New York Custom-house by the importation of woollen goods under the name of worsteds, thus paying a trivial rate of duty instead of that intended by the law. Collector ERHARDT has made a decision restoring such goods to their proper classification, and the mugwump mourns because the Custom-house is no longer manipulated in the interests of foreign manufacturers instead of home industry.

DURING the closing four months of the fiscal year which ended on June 30, the Republican administration reduced the public debt $51,000,000. During the other eight months of that year, the Democratic administration reduced it only $37,000,000. The singular thing about the Democratic party is that it never had any financial capacity. It is excellent at running the nation in debt, but not worth a straw at paying the latter off.

IT is interesting to find that the mugwump objection to TANNER was that he was "too nonchalantly portentous." We would not have supposed it possible, but the Springfield, Mass., *Republican* says so, and it is eminent mugwump authority. We have always had an idea that perhaps TANNER was too portentously emotional and irrepressibly conversational for his own good, but find that we are obliged to correct the impression.

THE Minneapolis *Tribune* should take its place promptly at the head of the class in political definitions, as is evidenced by the following:

> One of the New York newspapers has coined the word "Forakering." It furnishes no definition and the context affords but little satisfaction, but in the absence of anything official it is safe to say that to "Forake" means to get there with both feet.

JAPAN has had a disaster as terrible as that at Johnstown. A river valley was dammed by a vast landslide from a mountain, forming an enormous lake, which overwhelmed many villages, and drowned some 10,000 persons. The record of disaster for 1889 will be a gloomy page in the world's history.

IT is said that 2,000 British Americans, who took out their first papers at the United States courts in Boston two years ago, are now eligible for full citizenship. There is consequently much interest exhibited as to their party affiliations at the coming gubernatorial election in the old Bay State.

THE Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, in session at Columbus, has declined to change the eligible age from 21 to 18. "No boys need apply," seems to be the motto of the gray-heads of the order.

THE political campaign

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

III.

BEFORE leaving Hamburg, at least one visit must be made to Sagabiel's if one desires to acquaint himself with one of the most interesting phases of German city life. To see Sagabiel's at its best advantage you must visit the place on a Sunday evening between 9 and 10 o'clock. You stroll along the Jungfernstieg, that wonderful street forming one side of the Binnen Alster. The broad promenade is filled with people all on pleasure bent. The cafes and restaurants are brilliant with electric lights. The dark waters of the Alster basin reflect a thousand gas jets on each of its three sides, while at the further end the blaze of the magnificent clusters of street lamps on the famous Lombard bridge is thrown out into bold relief by the dark shadows of the fine old trees swaying gently in the summer night's breeze. Darting hither and thither over the water are the shadowy forms, outlined by means of the cabin lights, of the pretty little steamers that ply between the Jungfernstieg and Uhlenhorst and other favorite resorts on the Aussen Alster. The rattle of the rapidly driven cabs over the stony pavements; the dull heavy clang of the brazen-mouthed bell on the ponderous double-deckers, as the heavy 'busses are called, warning thoughtless pedestrians out of the way; the indescribable roar of a great city, all combine with the magnificent view of the brilliant quadrangle, to fascinate one and make him loth to leave the enchanting spot.

But we have started out to see Sagabiel's. So we reluctantly leave the Binnen Alster with all its fascinations and walk slowly up the continuation of the Jungfernstieg, following the sharp curves of the narrow, winding streets until, in about five minutes, we stop in front of a large brick building, lighted outside with two great balls of electricity. This is the famous Sagabiel's.

Near the entrance is an office where an admission fee is charged of 60 pfennig for men and 30 pfennig for women. Passing this office we go quickly through a short hall, turn to the right, and, in an instant, are confronted with a sight the like of which cannot be found any where else in Hamburg, and probably nowhere else in the German Empire.

It is a vast hall room, a hundred and sixty feet long and a hundred and fifty feet wide, brilliantly lighted with electricity, and just now echoing with a whirl of dancing feet, a swish of swinging dresses that almost drown the exquisite strains of a Strauss waltz, played in faultless time and measure by an orchestra of forty pieces. This orchestra is located under an open arch, connecting the large room just entered, with another, perhaps a hundred feet square. Both of these enormous rooms are filled with dancers, men and women, young and old, all dancing away for dear life, and all, evidently, having the best kind of a good time.

The scene is a curious one to American eyes. All around the four sides of the great hall, which is beautifully proportioned and handsomely frescoed, is a dais a foot or two higher than the floor, which by the way, is of hard wood laid in diagonals and waxed so that the electric lights are reflected on the glass like surface.

This dais, which is perhaps fifteen feet deep, is filled with tables and chairs. As soon as a dance is finished these tables and chairs are occupied by the excited dancers, and then waiters are kept busy bringing them beer, the quantity of the amber fluid consumed by the two or three thousand persons present, being almost unlimited. Around the front of the dais is a row of chairs where maidens await the coming of the gallant who will ask for a dance.

In all this, of course, will be recognized a departure from the usages of good society. And it is this very fact that induced me to visit Sagabiel's. I want to tell the readers of THE BLADE something about the

A SAGABIEL BELLE.

every-day life of these people, as I find it, and in as interesting a manner as may be, to describe that part of the life in Northern Germany which takes its interest from the very fact that it is entirely different from anything we have at home. Hence the visit to Sagabiel's on Sunday night.

It was about ten o'clock when our party arrived and the gayety was at its height, for, mind you, these revels are not kept up to unseemly hours. As we entered the great dance hall a thousand or more couples were gliding over the polished floor to the rythmic measures of one of Strauss's incomparable waltzes.

And how they danced!

There was no gliding to and fro. With arm on neck and waist these happy Teutons danced for the sake of the exhilirating motion. Their faces beamed with pleasure as they whirled and whirled around the spacious room, never pausing for rest or breath the whole waltz through, and when the end came with a final crash of trombone and cymbals, they sauntered slowly off the floor as though loth to relinquish their pleasure even long enough for the musicians to arrange their music for a fresh dance.

The tables on the dais filled quickly and the ever attentive waiters hurried about carrying great salvers of foaming glasses of beer, which was quaffed with undisguised relish by nearly every one present.

With all the excitement of the dance, the music, the lights, the lively chatter going on incessantly, there was not the slightest indication of boisterousness. Gayety there was unbounded. But it was of a spontaneous, effervescent kind that left no unpleasant sting behind. Everything was orderly and decent, although some of the customs were a bit odd to American eyes.

For instance, it seemed strange enough that in the intervals of the dance the partners should promenade around the great hall with each an arm around the other's waist. That seemed to be just a trifle out of the ordinary usages of polite society. But here in the presence of a couple of thousand people, it was done universally and seemed to be really the proper thing to do.

Now you see the young men grouping themselves about the orchestra stand, and by a singular coincidence the chairs in front of the dais are all filled by young women.

The leader of the orchestra gives the warning rap with his baton, there is a preliminary flourish and then the music of a rapid polka stirs the hearts of the waiting multitude.

In an instant the whole scene changes. The young men rush in haste to secure partners.

A bow, low and formal, to the object of his choice, a curtsey on her part, and off they go for their first spin around the immense hall.

Next to us, in the front row of chairs, sits a buxom girl, large and well-formed, her face beaming with pleasure. She is evidently a belle in her way.

Up comes a soldier all so gay in his brilliant regimentals.

He makes her a profound bow, hand on heart.

She glances at him coquettishly and regrets exceedingly that she is already engaged.

No sooner has the soldier departed in search of some one who has not made a previous engagement, than a dapper young fellow with waxed moustache and a faultless get-up, approaches.

To him also she tenders her regrets that she cannot favor him, and so, too, to two others.

"Well, then," said a friend to the belle, "why don't you dance this time?"

"I did not like them," she answered, "I'd rather wait awhile."

Hardly had the words left her lips when, with a smile of pleasure, she left her seat, and almost before the low bow was finished was whirling away in the arms of one to whom there was no necessity of regretting a previous engagement.

But dancing was not the only occupation of these frequenters of Sagabiel's. Up in the balcony that runs around the four walls of the monster ball room, scenes of a different, more tender nature, are being enacted.

At one of the tables overlooking the gay throng below you see a sedate family party. Father and mother are there with the children. There are a boy and a girl too young to mingle with the giddy throng below. One of the daughters has gone to dance the schottische. Another lingers with the elders.

The time is not hanging heavily on her hands, however, if one may judge by the enraptured glances bestowed upon her by a handsome young fellow at her side, while the parents are engaged in watching the kaleidscopic changes on the floor below. His hand seeks hers. His arm steals around her waist and the warm blood mantling her cheeks tells the tale of the old, old story told again in language that makes it ever new.

Over there in the corner, only a table length away, another young fellow is pouring out his hopes and aspirations in a low but impassioned tone. The seed is evidently not falling on stony ground, for the beautiful girl to whom he is murmuring his tale of love looks fearlessly down deep into his expressive eyes and her lips unconsciously frame the words he so longs to hear, while her eyes tell the story of requited love so plainly that even a novice might know all that is passing within that loving heart of hers.

A little further on an engaged couple sit at a table with their beer untouched before them and spoon as openly as though they were within the precincts of their own home. Their arms are around each other, and as they discuss the future and all it has in store for them, their lips meet, more than once, regardless of the constant stream of passers by, who do not even notice the billing and cooing, so much of a matter of course is it.

So I guess! Everywhere there is laughter, joy and happiness. These young men and women are enjoying the one evening of the week that relieves the monotony of their existence. And they are enjoying it to the full, undisturbed by the presence of any offensive people of either sex. There is nothing loud in any of these people. They are honest and good, even though they belong to what is known as the middle classes. There are no women of bad repute to mar their innocent pleasure, nor are there rough and vicious men to turn the affair into a bacchanalian orgie. They are hard working, industrious, honest people, who dance for the love of dancing, who come here Sunday nights to meet their friends and enjoy a couple of hours in the society of those whom they like, and as one notes the sturdy, muscular figures of the men and the healthy robustness of the women, he can not wonder at the strength and stability of the German empire despite the difficulties with which it has to contend at home and abroad.

IN THE REFRESHMENT ROOM.

"HULLO."

Won you see a man in woe
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo" and "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring yer hau' down with a whack;
Waltz right up an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Just for wrappin' up a soul!
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en yer leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the faraway,
W'en yer travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls yer've cheered will know
Who you be and say "hullo."

—*S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.*

Solid Prosperity Assured.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With big crops in the United States and small crops abroad, as is the case just now, the country has a chance, for a time at least, to repeat the experience begun ten years ago, and continued for two or three years. The great importation of gold, which began about that time, and which reached its greatest proportions in 1880 and 1881, had an important influence toward enabling the country to resume specie payments in 1879 and to make this policy permanent. A business boom such as began in that year and continued to 1883 is not probable now, nor is it altogether desirable. A fair share of quiet, solid and sustained prosperity, however, seems assured.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXV.

CORPORAL SCHNAPPS.

BY HARRY C. WORK.

Mine heart ish proken into little pits—
I tells you, friend, what for;
Mine schweetheart—one coot, patriotic kirl—
She trives me off mit der war!
I fights for her der pattles of te flag—
I schtrikes so prave as I can;
Put now long time she nix remempers me,
And coes mit anoder man!

CHORUS:—

Ah! mein fraulein! You ish so ferry unkind!
You goes mit Hans to Chermany to lif,
Und leaves poor Schnapps behind,
Leaves poor Schnapps behind!

I march all tay, no matter if der schtorm
Pe worse as Moses' flood!
I lays all night, mine head upon a schtump,
And sinks to schleep in der mud!
Der nightmare comes—I catch him ferry pad—
I treams I schleeps mit der ghost;
I wakes next morning frozen in der ground,
So schtiff as von stone post!

They gifs me hard-tack, tougher as a rock—
It almost preaks mine jaw;
I schplits him sometime mit an iron wedge,
And cuts him up mit a saw.
They gifs me yoef, so ferry, ferry salt,
Like Sodom's wife, you know;
I surely tinks dey put him in der brine
One hundred years ago!

Py'n py we takes von city in der South—
We schtays there von whole year!
I kits me sour-kraut, much as I can eat,
Mid bleuty lager bier!
I meets von lady robed in der schtreet,
So handsome offer I see;
I makes to her von very gallant bow—
But ah! she schpits on me!

"Hart times?" you say, "what for you volunteer?"
I tolt you, friend, vhat for;
Mine schweetheart, von goot, patriotic girl,
She trove me off mit der war!
Alas! Alas! mine pretty little von
Vill schmile no more on me!
But schtill I fights der pattles of der flag
To set mine country free!

THE PICKET GUARD.

"All Quiet Along the Potomac."

BY W. H. GOODWIN.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie, peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the cold, autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming;
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep watch while the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in his cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, and his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, when low-murmured vows
Were exchanged, to be ever unbroken.
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his face,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree;
His footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
To the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood was oozing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river.
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket off duty forever!

A CLEVER FORGERY.

Depositing Money to His Debtor's Credit in Order to Get Out More.

Indian Planters' Gazette.

Some years ago a merchant engaged a broker to dispose of some stock to meet an urgent demand for ready cash. The stock was sold, but the owner had considerable difficulty in getting the sale proceeds from the broker. At last, driven to desperation, the merchant threatened proceedings. The broker, after making a mental calculation, sat down and drew a check for the amount realized on account of the stock sold, less 2 per cent broker's commission, and handed it to the merchant with many apologies for the delay. After this both parted good friends. The transaction occurred in the early morning, and, as the merchant wanted the money urgently, he presented the check at the bank without delay. Guess his astonishment when the check was handed back to him, with the remark, "Insufficient." The merchant was hurrying away from the bank when he met Reid, the detective, coming up the stairs. He stopped the latter and related how he had been "sold" by the broker.

"How much short of the amount of your check stands the credit of the broker at the bank?" inquired the officer.

"I never asked," replied the merchant.

"Very good," said Reid, "go back and ascertain."

The merchant did so, and soon returned with the reply, "Two hundred rupees."

"And the check is for five thousand?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Look here," said Reid, "there are half a dozen writs against the broker, and he has only given you this check knowing it would not be paid, in order to gain time. He will draw this money himself before the day is out and probably bolt from his creditors."

"What is to be done!" exclaimed the merchant, in blank despair.

"Just this," said Reid, as cool as a cucumber; "take a pencil and piece of paper and write in a hurried scrawl as I dictate: 'To the secretary of the —— bank. Dear Sir: I have just accidentally discovered that I have drawn a check in favor of —— this morning, and that my credit at the bank falls short of the amount by Rs. 200. I have sent this sum per bearer to prevent disappointment should the check be presented during the day.' Now," said Reid, as the merchant finished the note, "the broker's initials."

The merchant looked up in astonishment. "Never mind," said the officer, "it's no offense to pay money into the bank to a man's credit, though it would be to draw money out under a forged document."

This advice overcame the merchant's scruples, and the broker's initials were duly attached to the letter, and the money despatched to the bank. It was paid in without a question being asked. The check was afterward presented and paid in full. On going down the stairs the merchant met his friend the broker coming up. The latter, on recognizing the former, stopped suddenly, put his hand to his breast pocket and exclaimed: "Good God, I have forgotten my bank book!" He then turned on his heel, hurried from the bank, and entering a ticca gharry at the door hurried away. He has come to draw from the bank the balance to his credit, but seing the man he had intended to cheat he was afraid to meet him, never thinking for a moment that the intended dupe had then in his pocket every piece of evidence that could hang his wells. Of course, the merchant lost 200 rupees over the transaction, but, as Reid explained, it was better to lose 200 than 5,000.

WHAT LIFE IS.

A longing for what we know not,
A brief span of passion and strife,
A bitter, sweet memory, the ashes of hope,
And this is what men call life.

—*Boston Pilot.*

Dr. Flower to Visit Ohio.

The many friends and patients of Dr. R. C. Flower will be pleased to learn that Dr. Flower has just perfected arrangements which will enable him to visit the following points on the dates given below:

Madison, Wis., Park Hotel, Friday, Sept. 27; La Crosse, Wis., Cameron House, Saturday, Sept. 28; Milwaukee, Wis., Plankinton House, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1st; Toledo, Ohio, Burnett House, Wednesday, Oct. 2; Cleveland, Ohio, Stillman House, Thursday, Oct. 3; Camden, N. J., West Jersey Hotel, Saturday, Oct. 5.

Since the completion of Dr. Flower's magnificent Palace of Health in Boston, he finds it very difficult to leave his home, and it is probable that this will be his last trip to this section for some time. It would be wise, therefore, for those desiring to see the doctor, to meet him during this trip. Dr. Flower's power of correctly diagnosing disease without asking the patient a single question gives him an advantage in the treatment of his patients not enjoyed by other physicians, whose practice is necessarily for the most part guess work.

HE FOUGHT AT WINCHESTER.

An Old Rebel Soldier Found Warm Friends When Arraigned as a Prisoner.

Leesburg Mirror.

In the case of the state vs. John Stuart, indictment for larceny, the prisoner appeared in the court room, shuffling along, scarcely able to walk. He wore a soiled check shirt, a very much worn suit and a battered hat.

Appearing as state witnesses were two well-dressed, sleek-looking men who were determined to send the old man to the penitentiary.

"Has the prisoner any counsel?" asked Judge Phillips.

"I have none," answered Stewart. "I am a poor man and unable to pay an attorney."

The judge saw by the man's looks that his was an unusual case, and said: "Well, go on and tell your story."

"Well, sir, I was in the Confederate army, and at the battle of Winchester I was shot through both hips. Since then it has been exceedingly hard for me to support myself. I went to work for this man last year, upon his word to board and clothe me and to pay me what my services were worth. During that time he paid me ten cents, with which I bought tobacco. At the end of eight months he refused to pay me any money, and refused to give any clothes, saying my services were worthless. Then I went into his wardrobe, took a suit of clothes to hide my nakedness and left. He had me indicted for larceny, and I have been in jail ever since."

As the old man finished a murmur of indignation was heard throughout the court room.

"You say you were shot at Winchester?" asked Judge Phillips, who was himself an officer in the splendid and memorable charge.

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in the second charge to the left, on the other side of the town?"

The prisoner's face brightened.

"Yes," he said, "I was there—Rhodes's division—and was shot while crossing the ravine just below the hill."

The judge was certain then that the old veteran was telling the truth, but to be certain he called the state's witness:

While this witness was giving in his testimony, which was to the effect that the old man's story was about right, but that he refused to pay him anything because his services were worthless, Stuart leaned over to Solicitor Settle. "Mr. Settle," he said, "your father and I were friends. I lived in Rockingham county, and your father persuaded me to enlist in his company. I received my wound while following him. Since then it has been hard for me to keep out of the poorhouse."

By this time Judge Phillips and Solicitor Settle and everybody else in the court room were satisfied that the old soldier had been pitilessly persecuted, and the faces of the onlookers showed the deepest pity and sympathy for the unfortunate man and the blackest indignation for his employer.

"Mr. Solicitor," said the judge, "change your bill of indictment from larceny to trespass." This was willingly done by Mr. Settle.

"Now," he continued, "judgment is suspended and the prisoner discharged."

Scarcely had the word been spoken before every man in the room applauded, and great tears were rolling down the cheeks of strong men. As the old man who, half an hour before had been friendless, hobbled out of the court room, hundreds of men drew round him to shake his hand. Our townsman, W. B. Glen, volunteered to secure him a pension. Mr. Hollyfield offered him a position as miller, and in less than five minutes a purse was made up to buy the old soldier a suit of clothes.

A GOOD MEMORY.

An Elephant Remembers a Friendly Druggist for Eleven Years.

An elephant attached to Womwell's menagerie was treated in Gloucestershire by a druggist for internal spasm. The animal recovered and duly departed from the town. This was in 1870. But in 1879, when the druggist stood at his shop door to watch the menagerie again enter the town, the elephant crossed the street, advanced to the man of drugs, placed her trunk in his hand and grunted agreeably to show her remembrance of past kindness. At night, in visiting the menagerie, the elephant drew the druggist's attention to her side, to which a blister had been applied nine years before. In 1881 the elephant again entered the town. Recognizing her chemist friend in the audience she lifted him gently off his feet by means of her trunk and drew his attention to one of her forelegs. The keeper explained that the limb had been lanced by a veterinary surgeon, and that apparently she was comparing notes of the difference between the gentle blister of her friend and the procedure of the surgeon. It is not often that services are so long and gratefully remembered either by quadrupeds or by "the paragon of animals" himself.

HALF WAY THROUGH SEPTEMBER.

Now cooler winds begin to blow,
The solar fires less fiercely glow.

The heated term is nearly o'er,
The paper collar wilts no more.

The girl puts up her bathing suit,
Their hats of straw the wealthy shoot.

The fat man laughs aloud with glee,
No more like melted lard is he.

The yachts are fast at wharves and docks,
We're near the autumnal equinox.

And people who regard their health,
For autumn clothing spent their wealth.

And every merchant who is wise,
Doth hump himself and advertise.

IT DOES PROHIBIT,

So a Resident of Kansas Writes—His Views on a Prohibition Policy.

OTTAWA, KAN., Sept. 16.—EDITOR BLADE:—I have read your paper for the past year, and am glad of your unceasing efforts to "Pulverize the Rum Power." The liquor men may lie about the great and noble state of Kansas, but the morality and prosperity of her people is unequaled on this earth. I have now lived here two years, and during that time I have seen but two or three drunken men; and they came from Kansas City, Missouri, where they got their liquor. A man who would openly advocate saloons in our city would be hooted out of town; and the man who would sell it in violation of law would be severely dealt with.

A physician who dealt in it under cover of his profession, is now serving a term of six months in jail, and has to pay a fine of $600, and the costs of the suit. We are Prohibitionists in principle and practice, and it the question was submitted again to-day, and voted upon before the whisky men could run in a lot of whisky votes, the majority in favor of prohibition would be far above what it was before. God speed the day when it shall be crushed to the earth forever! Yours for home and right, O. O. M.

The President's Primeval Neighbors.

Deer Park Letter to Philadelphia Press.

President Harrison has had some interesting neighbors at Deer Park. They are the mountaineers from the Backbone Mountain, who come over to the village twice a year driving a pair of stolid, heavy-eyed oxen attached to a primitive sled, for the aboriginal of the Backbone can make a sled of logs, although he can not turn a wheel. Other noted neighbors are the mighty hunters of Meadow and Orange mountains, they who have lived in their log cabins for nearly one hundred years, trapping, hunting and fishing. Seen in the village rarely are these mountain Nimrods, for they have no need of money and rarely barter. Once in a while one of them will come to the village, a woman often, astride of an old mare carrying home-made panniers, with a firkin of butter or a bucket of eggs. If the chief magistrate of the United States should walk three miles to the west of his daughter's cottage he would find a way of living as primitive as that among the Indians when they first touched these shores. He would see a plow which is a crude triangle of wood, a sled made of the untrimmed boughs of trees, and he might have cracked a whip as simple as those used in the biblical days for the native's ox-goad is a tree branch with the pith taken out half way down and the bark twisted into a lash.

A Great Monolith.

The removal of the great monolith, the Goddess of Water, from the ancient Mexican city of Teotihuacan is attracting widespread attention among the scientific men. The top of the statue is below the surface of the surrounding plain, and as it is over ten feet lower, it is seen that the task of its removal is no ordinary one. It is of granite, contains 262½ cubic feet of solid rock. Its weight is estimated at 25 tons. A temporary railroad track nearly three miles long will be laid from the statue on the Mexican railway over to the place where the statue now rests. Its age is supposed to be about 1,400 years.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Quite the Meanest.

Dayton Journal.

The Chicago *Tribune* solemnly remarks that too much bad whisky will inevitably lead a man either to his grave or into the Democratic party. That's a ——l of an alternative, and the best argument that was ever made against whisky. In fact, we don't remember anything ever said against whisky that is quite so mean.

Mrs. Harrison deserves the thanks of the whole country for the cheering announcement that the President holds to our dessert pie.

The Kaiser's Getting Gay.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It is stated that during the coming winter the Kaiser will inaugurate a new and splendid epoch for Berlin society, making his court the most brilliant that the century has seen. He will dazzle Europe with the spectacle of the youngest great emperor since the time of the first Napoleon, who, like him, professes to want peace, but carries his hand on his sword hilt, swift to follow a provocation with a terrible blow. The Germans are reported to mix some uneasiness with their enthusiasm over this prospect.

Grinding the Face of the Poor.

New York Herald.

God help the poor. The price of diamonds has gone up.

The Emissaries of Rome.

The *English Churchman* says: "Familiarity with the emissaries of Rome, hearing of their good deeds, seeing their peculiar garb, standing on the same platform with them at temperance meetings and on other occasions, the fashions of the day, and recently the talk about Father Damien, have weakened our English detestation of popery."

An Impediment to Justice.

Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald.

What an impediment in the way of justice our school system is, to be sure. If there were not so many men who are able to read, the Cronin jury might have been completed long ago.

"Our Noble Chieftain."

Augusta Chronicle.

The South will not object to the monument to Horace Greeley. He was a courageous and open enemy. He was for the under dog in every fight. Horace Greeley never hit a man when he was down. When the war was over he poured oil into the wounds of the South and extended the hand of friendship and protection to our noble chieftain, Jefferson Davis.

Tit for Tat.

Lawrence American.

She (as he steals a kiss)—Why, you robber! I shall have you arrested for larceny from the person.

He (kissing her once more)—Very well; I have given it back. If you make that complaint against me, I shall charge you with receiving stolen property, knowing it to be such.

Groundless Fear.

If the emperor of China sees fit to call out his "reserves" he can raise an army of one hundred millions of men. Some of our Democratic friends are alarmed. They fear that the Chinese will come over here one of these days and "lick us out of our boots" if pensions be paid to the veterans of the rebellion.

Sunday Closing in Chicago.

Omaha Bee.

Chicago has laid aside the world's fair project temporarily to discuss and define Sunday closing. The construction of the word "closed" is the irritating problem, and while seers and sages are reconstructing the roots of the word, saloonmen are reconstructing and greasing the bolts and hinges. The latter work without a jar.

Would Trust-Bind Us Too.

Baltimore American.

Suppose we search the world over for the facts of the trust question. What is the result? Simply that of all countries, England is the worst trust-and-syndicate-ridden place in civilization. It is not content with its own territory, but it is striving in every possible way to place its monopolistic "pickers and stealers" on all American industries that it can reach.

"A great southern corn crop has been produced this year," the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* tells us, "and is now rapidly being stored in bins and barns to supply several of the southern states for at least a year with all this grain that they need for the food of men and beasts, or for the production of beef and pork."

There is a real estate agent living at Kingston, N. Y., who takes a gloomy view of life, and especially of house painters, these days. A few days ago he hired an artistic house painter to paint a house which he has on his list. But unfortunately he gave the painter the wrong number, so that it was the wrong house which received a beautiful and becoming new coat. The agent is receiving a good deal of sympathy, and the man who has got his house painted for nothing is understood to be measurably resigned.

A jeweler suggests that if you ever drop your watch in water put it into a cup of alcohol or whisky and so save it from rusting. What's the matter with leaving it with your uncle?

Loading for an Uphill Journey.

New York Press.

Ohio Democrats have a "literary bureau" in full blast, supplying free trade editorials to newspapers all over the state. If the object is to test the strength of the team, there is nothing like loading heavy for an uphill journey.

The Purest Native American.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The colored Americans have a right to claim that as a distinct element of our citizenship they date back further than any other. For the old New England and the white Virginia stocks had received the admixture of much European blood of more recent importation; while the colored men now here are descended almost without exception from the American colored people of the last century. They are as genuinely American, then, as anybody in the country, and they have the true American spirit.

A recent current note in the Boston *Journal* says that "apple without sugar had been likened to a kiss without a squeeze." The note was a condensation of the remark said to have been made by a man with an impediment of speech, who was finding much fault with his dinner. The real author of the remark was Park Benjamin, and his words were:

"An apple pie without the cheese
Is like a kiss without the squeeze."

Among the reforms asked for by navy engineers is one in the matter of meals. According to the present custom breakfast is served at 8 a. m., dinner at 12 m. (only four hours later), and supper at 5 p. m. They ask that breakfast be served not later than 7 a. m., that dinner be served at 12:30 p. m., and that supper follow between 6 and 7 p. m., also that some effort be made to better the quality and increase the variety of food furnished.

Not Altogether Stagnant.

Chicago News.

An instructive diagram of the Ohio campaign may be formed by mixing two seidlitz powders in a glass of water.

Publishers' Column.

THE VICTOR WATCH—A GOOD TIME PIECE.

This watch sent postpaid by mail, with TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE one year, $5, or for a club of ten subscribers to WEEKLY BLADE, all at one time, we will send the watch free.

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Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

Respect Them if Honest, Though Differing from Yours.

ONE thing there is which I always try to keep steadfastly before my mind's eye, namely, that everybody has a right to hold an individual opinion, and if it be an honest one, its expression should be treated with respect and tolerance, no matter how widely it may differ from my own. I do so for this reason: Though I may be enthusiastically convinced of the truth of my own position, there is always the possibility that another may be right and I wrong, and besides that, something may come to change my own opinion in the near future, no matter how improbable it seems to-day that it will be so. I believe in earnestness, I believe in enthusiasm, but I also believe in a large tolerance.

While this is true, there is still always a sense of disappointment when some one we have admired suddenly appears upon a side of a question which seems manifestly wrong, and exhibits in its discussion an undue prejudice or spirit of unfairness, as it seems to me Rose Terry Cooke does in her article upon "The Real Rights of Women" in the current number of the *North American Review*.

HOW SHE BEGINS.

She starts off with an insult to those who have for years been devoting their energies to a purpose which is as elevated as any can be, that of ameliorating the condition of women and making life easier for those who are carrying heavy burdens and fainting beneath them. She does this not because she does not recognize the fact that there are inalienable rights of women which are trampled under foot, but simply that she differs from them in the way in which their recognition by men should be brought about. These "self-evident rights" which she afterwards goes on to describe with so much earnestness, are precisely those which these self-sacrificing laborers have been trying for years to establish, and which she denounces first as the "rights of women to be men." And she does this simply because they advocate suffrage as a means to the desired end.

She claims as a first right:

"A woman has a right to respect, as a woman, as long as she respects herself," and then goes on to show that the spirit of the age is against such a thing. She does it well, too, declaiming with fervor against the spoken and unspoken contempt with which the majority of men treat the women in and out of their households, even when they are what is called kind. And the remedy, she thinks, lies wholly in the training which the women give to their sons in the present and future. That sounds well, but all the training in the "ought" and "should" from now through the next thousand years will produce little effect, unless the "must" is also presented in a way that admits of no escape. The mother must be the son's equal before the law; he must recognize the fact that she has the wisdom to help make that law before he acknowledges it in his daily life. When even "true and manly men" do not do this, it requires something more than home teaching, powerful as this is, to bring about a change.

Mrs. Cooke next goes on to say that "women have a right to care and consideration on the score of their physical organization," but declares that among the working class especially, they are continually overtasked, that upon farms "they rise early and go to bed late, working incessantly through winter and summer, no matter what is their physical condition; bearing and rearing children through it all; uncheered by recreation, unsolaced by rest; not so much considered as the herded cows or the stabled horses for these animals cost money, but a woman can be had for the asking, and worked like a slave without wages." True enough, but does Mrs. Cooke believe that moral suasion will change this condition, or will it be the law which will make a woman a man's equal, with the power of self-protection and self-government? And when will such laws be made until women have a recognized voice in the matter?

"A woman has a right to the use and control of her own money, whether she inherits or earns it." Mrs. Cooke announces this as a truth, then goes on to fortify her position by numerous instances of wrong and injustice to women in this regard, because the law gave the power to men, and declares that they are the "rule rather than the exception," but she offers no remedy other than to advise men who "preach and edit," to talk about the duties of husbands and fathers as well as those of wives and children. Very good advice, but though the millennium may be dawned, its effects are not yet apparent in a reign of the law of unselfishness.

SHE CALLS NAMES.

Mrs. Cooke has a right to put forth such poor little weaklings as this article, but when she declares that the delay of the restoration of these God-given rights, is due to these "freedom-shriekers' who forget their position and their womanhood, who leave their families neglected and their homes forsaken to rant on platforms and usurp pulpits; the women who demand suffrage for themselves when as yet they are too weak and ignorant to use so mighty a weapon," when she thus misnames and outrages such grand women as Lucy Stone Blackwell, Mary A. Livermore, Frances E. Willard, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Anna Dickinson and a host of others whose shoe-latchets she is not worthy to unloose, then it loses whatever significance it might have had even to those who, with her, do not believe in woman suffrage, but who yet respect and admire the noble women who have worked so unceasingly and self-sacrificingly for its promotion.

IVY AND OAK.

Evidently Mrs. Cooke does not like to give up the vine and oak theory with its "clinging" reminiscences. I commend her to the following from the *Woman's Journal* signed by Arabella Smith. It speaks for itself, and comments are superfluous:

My husband is very fond of beans, and as I was out one day putting up the poles, I thought how often he had compared women to vines, and men to the supports on which they climb. As he is very fond of poetry too, and the next day was our wedding anniversary, I thought how nice it would be to surprise him with a pretty little poem about it. So I went into the house and began to write. But I want to tell you what trouble I got into before I finished; here is what I wrote:

"As the vine unto the tree is,
So unto the man is woman;
He the strength which doth support her,
She the beauty which adorns him.
In the gentle, blushing springtime
See the tender vine uprising
From the warm, protecting bosom
Of the earth, her gentle mother,
Timidly she rises upward—
Suddenly she feels her weakness,
Throws aloft her clinging tendrils,
Stretches out her tiny fingers,
Till she finds some stendy oak-tree,
And her gentle arms entwine it."

Now here came my first difficulty. I was writing to please John, and of course I had *us* in my mind all the time, and you cannot imagine how funny and shocking it seemed when I began to tell about John standing there like a tree, and of my going to him first, and stretching out my arms instead of—well—it was so funny that I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks. But I never saw a tree go out of its way after a vine, so I had to let it go.

"Straightway then she rises upwards,
Seeks the heights he has attained to,—
In a few short weeks she reaches
Heights he has been years in gaining.
Twines about his topmost branches,—
Throws her longing tendrils upwards,
Finds—that her support has failed her!
Finds—that if she mounts still higher
She must leave him far behind her.
Then, with senile woman's pity,
Seeing that he c must follow,
Leaves the goal of her ambition
Unattained, and, backward turning,
Fails again to seek his level."

I did not like the sounds of those last lines, but they were true of the vine, and I couldn't help it. So I thought I would make up for them by some really pretty lines about him supporting her in the rude blast of affection. There was a strong wind blowing about this time, so I thought I would go out and look at the bean vines, and the pole would figure as the trees, and perhaps I could get an inspiration from them. There were two rows—one in which the vines were twined all about the poles, and another in which the poles had just been set out and the vines had not yet begun to cling. Well, they were struggling beautifully with the winds, and the harder it blew the tighter the vines seemed to cling to the poles, and I had just begun to feel the inspiration creeping over me, when there came a sudden gust of wind and blew over every single one of the poles which didn't have vines on them and left the others standing as straight as ever. That just spoiled it all; for after that, no matter how I looked at them, those vines always would seem to be holding up the poles instead of the poles holding up the vines. I went into the house disgusted, and made up mind that there was no use in trying to write a poem about it, and that there must be something wrong with the vine theory—though I wouldn't have John know it for the world—he's so fond of it, you know, and I don't suppose I should ever have discovered it if I hadn't tried to write a poem about it.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

AUTUMN DECORATIONS.

Now is the time for gathering the many beautiful things that are to be found in the woods and fields, which only need a tasteful arrangement to make pretty home-adornments that will last nearly or quite all winter. Some judgment must be used in gathering them, but it is a pleasant occupation.

Masses of golden-rod are very beautiful, and when gathered in its prime, and not put in water, but allowed to dry, will keep all winter. The same thing is true of cat-tails, which should be plucked before they get too ripe. The bright red berries, known as bitter-sweet, will also keep a long time, and arranged in masses are a pretty decoration. It is late now to gather grasses, but those who have them can tie them in bunches and fasten them to the wall or put them in vases. Wheat heads, oats, etc, are also pretty.

Branches of the wild clematis, with its fluffy festoons, will keep for a long time if hung somewhere out of harm's way, as it very brittle when dry. Then there are the brown milk-weed pods in which are hidden the silvery seeds that make such pretty balls. The thistle, which still wears a faded purple coat, may be gathered for "puffs," that look well bunched in vases or tied with bright ribbons and put over pictures or in any convenient place.

Autumn leaves and ferns also make excellent winter decorations. The methods of preparing the first have already been given in THE HOUSEHOLD. Both ferns and leaves need to be carefully pressed. The ferns must not be handled after picking, but be laid immediately in a large basket, whence they can easily be transfered into large volumes or to newspapers, in which they must be laid separately and at length, so that weights may be applied.

Next week some more suggestions about decorations will be given.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

SCRAP BAG.—Sew half-yard lengths of ribbon together of different colors and put fancy stitches over the seams. Have bag 15 ins. round. Line it with a plain silk. Put the lining in before the bottom is closed, sewing it to the top so that the seams will come inside. Run a shirr about an inch and a half below the top. Fringe the bottom of both outside and lining about three inches up and draw it together tightly, forming a tassel. In the shirr run a flat wire or hoop in order to make it open-mouthed. Fasten ribbons with bows each side to the top to hang it up by. Strips of wool goods may be used in this way if the ribbon is too expensive.

SOFA CUSHION.—A very handsome sofa cushion can be made in this way: Have the cover of black satin or nice black satine will do. Then over the top put a black lace square of the same size, with large polka dots in it. In the center of each dot sew a gilt spangle, and then with gilt thread make long, straight stitches, radiating from the dots in the form of sun rays. Instead of black under the lace, any other color may be used. The effect is very pleasing.

The new Fancy Work and House Decoration will be ready about the 1st of October.

PAPER POPPIES.—Having never seen a description of poppies in tissue paper flowers in THE BLADE, I will send the way I make them, which are very natural. Take three pieces of quite dark red for one, about the size of a small saucer, and one piece of a very dark shade for the center, about ¼ of the size of the front side, then sew through the four and take a small piece of cotton and cover with a very light green for the seed cup, and fasten into the center of the reds; then take the flower in your hand and crush and crumble it until it loses its paper look, and for one of your others take a shade lighter, and take five or six large pieces and cut them fine, like the double notched ones, and fasten together. I have a cluster of three on my satin banner and they are beautiful. I sent a request for postal cards, but my address was left out.—MRS. C. L. BURLINGAME, Conneaut, O.

CRAZY QUILT.—I must tell the ladies about my crazy quilt: I have embroidered large flowers, outline figures, and some initials on the blocks. I also have a white elephant cut from cotton flannel and appliqued on with khaki silk, with the ear and tail outlined with drab. I marked it from a picture of Jumbo. Can any of the ladies tell me how a girl of 14 can earn her own living, as it is necessary for her to do so?—KITTY CLOUER.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; c h st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; l, loop; d c, long chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t s, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

LATTICE LACE.—Cast on 23 stitches. Use large steel knitting needles. 1st row, k 3—t t o—k 2 tog—t t o—k 2 tog—knit the rest plain. 2d row, k 1—t t o 3 times and k 1—put thread three times round the needle and k 1—t t o 3 times—k 1—and so on until you have but six stitches left; now p 1—k 1—p 1—k 3. 3d row, k 3—t t o—k 2 tog—t t o—k 2 tog—do not knit any more till you come back to this place in the next row, but proceed as follows: slip the thread that wound three times around the needle in the previous row, off the end of the needle, and slip the next stitch to the right hand needle, pulling it up as you do so making a long loose stitch. Continue to drop those that are wound around the needle, and slipping the other stitches to the right hand needle to the end of the row. There should now be sixteen long stitches and seven short or plain ones on the needle. 4th row—Slip all the long stitches to the other needle; take up your thread and knit these long ones in this way; knit the fifth long stitch, bring it over the four long ones in front of it; and at the same time over the end of the needle, knit the 6th, 7th and 8th in the same way, now knit the first four, one at a time; this makes one group. The next eight stitches will form another group, which should be knit the same way. 5th row, k 17 stitches plain—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 3. This finishes the pattern and you can begin again at the first row.

CROCHETED HEAD REST.—I have a pretty crocheted head rest in my room which I will describe for "Linda's" benefit. It is made of four different colors of yarn, Nile green, wine, old gold and peacock blue. A strip 53 rows long and 17 stitches wide is crocheted of each color in Afgan stitch; i. e., make a chain of 17 stitches, put the needle through each stitch, one at a time, and draw the yarn through, holding each new loop on the needle. Now there will be seventeen loops on the needle. Draw the yarn through two, then two more, and so on until there is but one loop left. Pick up the loops made before, one at a time, and draw the yarn through, making seventeen new loops; draw the yarn through two loops at a time, as before. Continue until the strip is as long as the head rest is wished. When the strips are crocheted, crochet (on the right side) one edge of the Nile green on the end of the wine and down the side as far as it will go without stretching; crochet one edge of the blue on the short end of the green and down the other side; crochet the old gold on the short end of the blue and down the side; crochet loose ends together, the old gold and green partly leaving space for filling of curled hair.

Finish with twisted cords of the different colors and tassels, cords long enough to tie around the chair.—MRS. L. E. GREENFIELD, Aurora, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BREEZY LETTER FROM OUR JEANIE.—"Toil swings the ax and forests bow,
Sown seeds break out in radiant bloom,
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster near the loom."

A vivid picture of progress, and none the less so that there is much reading between the lines. Only those who live the plain prose of life fully realize how much it is to be read during the weary days and months and years that are needed to round the rhyming periods. And it is not always pleasant reading. Nature has a wild beauty of her own that is rarely inharmonious, but when man undertakes to supplant her work with creations of his own, there are many rough and ragged edges to be disposed of, to be smoothed away.

The changes that have been wrought in this country during the past three years, seem almost incredible, the insatiable sawmills bringing about much industry and gain, much destruction of beauty and timber. "The forests bow," and huge trees that have lifted their heads for more years than many of us have lived, lie prostrate in the dust. One or two huge saw logs are taken, but the mighty top is left. I have seen many a one left that would square eighteen inches at larger end. These are often fired to get them out of the way, and as they burn, the standing trees are blackened and deadened for rods around. Some of our loveliest glades seem now like an entrance to an inferno.

I live in constant dread of a like destruction in the beautiful woods near my own home. It is only a question of time. We can hear the whistle of the engines on the new railroad. It does not benefit us any, being too far away, but emigration continues to pour in.

And still there are those who write asking information about the country, etc. Bless their cautious hearts! Do they think the world will stand still and everybody else stand back while they are making up their minds? All the government land near here is taken, but there is more up the country unsurveyed. But we have a full supply of one class—don't need any more. Let me explain: We have numerous springs of living water, gushing out from under high rocks or the mossy roots of trees, forming beautiful little streams that ripple and dimple along under nodding ferns and trees of birch, and willow and thorn, affording clear, cool, sweet water in great abundance. Some on builds his cabin near the brook, and we give him due credit for good sense. Does he clear away all trace from his spring, trim dead wood away and set out beautiful and fragrant shrubs to make the most of the clear, cool water and keep it so? Not a bit of it. He "swings his ax" and clears away every green and growing thing that stands near "his" brook and spring, leaving the one a sun-smitten hole whence he dips to drink, the other like sullen ditch water in its muddy banks. I remonstrated with one man, and he said: "Why, it I had my way, I wouldn't leave one tree standing I could lay my ax to," We don't want any more, thank you.

"Leafy June" is long since passed. The fragrant twin-bells of the pink myrtle, the golden one of the honeysuckle sang but shorter chimes this year; the waxen petals of the syringa, and the dainty plumes of the arrow wood turned to gold much sooner. The world seems "wrong side to" somehow. While other parts of our country have been rainswept and flooded, we here have had but one little shower of rain all summer, and it is now nearing the last of August. The garden soil has become so soft and spongy we conclude it is "self-rising" soil. How things can grow I don't know, but they do, and without any sort of irrigation. Corn, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., are flourishing, and ho proud I am of my "King Humbert," with its rich clusters of scarlet pear-shaped fruit! Grasshoppers "wax fat" this dry weather. I have taught my two dogs to hunt and catch them, and we have daily circus.

Out over the wooded plains and undulating hills the pine needles lay thick and dry, but the grass stood green and fresh, and promised abundant fall feed. But some miscreants, for reasons best known to themselves, set fire to the woods, and grass, fruit bushes, down timber, and much good standing timber go up in smoke together. The heat and smoke are suffocating. To save our houses and buildings a "safety strip" had to be burned, and though the "smoke moon" was away long before it was done. There wasn't time to sit down with weak, womanish cry of "Oh! I just can't!" Necessity makes small allowance for "arm-folded indolence, or drooping-eyed resignation." "Needs must, etc." And it was done just in time, for the wind raised and the fire came down like a whirlwind, and would have swept our little all from the face of the earth. Our home is but an humble one, but I'll warrant there are many homeless ones who would be glad of half so good a shelter. That awful Spokane Falls fire! It seems almost incredible that such huge blocks of brick, stone, glass and iron could burn so quickly! But I pity most those people who lost those pretty cottage homes, with their grassy door yards and beds of bright hued flowers. They don't make such work on the list of $15,000,000 lost, yet they lost all they had, escaping only with life. But just think of all these millions of property, and thousands of lives being in the keeping of one man! For men who witnessed the fire tell me it might have been subdued at the start, if a good head of water could have been secured. But only one man knew where to turn on the pressure, and he—was out of town (to editor; he was gone a-fishing)! That was one case where they saved at the spiggot," and kno ked the bottom out of the barrel. I guess they will spend a little less money in booming the wonderful city, and have at least two men who know how to run the water-works. For it will build up again, never fear, and build better and handsomer buildings. No danger of any town dying while it possess men like Mr. C. B. N.——, who sat coolly writing orders for more goods while his splendid store was burning. The energy and resources of the American people, especially those who live in the West, are practically unlimited. Spite of all drawbacks, trees wave green branches, flowers bloom, and birds sing, and we still live in the heart of the pine woods.

Might I suggest to the lady who seemed inclined to "slop over" in unusual elegance of criticism, that it is Miss Bouton who holds the deciding power as to what shall or shall not appear in the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, and in this country no one person has monopolized the expression of opinion on any given subject, whether it be household economy, religion, or even the lady's taboed "politics." — JEANIE, Eloika, Washington Ter.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell a young girl how she can study short-hand at home? Am anxious to learn but cannot leave home at present.—FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Will you permit me to enter in? I have some flower seed called Buffalo moss. It is a fine grass and spreads something like watermelons; commences blooming about the 1st of May; keeps on until frost comes; do not bloom very much the first year. It is a native of Nebraska. If any of the sisters of THE BLADE want any, send me self-addressed envelope and I will send them as long as they last. Also, some of the ladies have what is called "Cross and Cat Stitch," and to work vine in "Brier Stitch," send me sample pattern and I will pay her for her trouble. Address MRS. J. L. MILLER, Saltillo, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Does any one know of a little girl from 8 to 13 years of age, who would like a good home? I live alone with my little girl two years old, and we get lonesome. I want one who would be company. I will see that she gets a good education, plenty of good clothes and a mother's care and home comforts. Either French or Canadian preferred, but nationality no object. Would expect her in exchange to run errands and do little things around home, but no more than I would ask of my daughter at that age.—A MOTHER.

Will some one please write a cure for whooping-cough? We have five children, the youngest a babe not six months old, and they, with parents, are enjoying (?) that contagion. As my babe coughs very hard, would like to know of something to relieve her. Please write soon.—ANNIE M. GROFF, Wallace, De Kalb county, Ill.

Will some of the many kind readers of THE BLADE be so kind as to help one old reader with a recipe for the asthma, for one that is so much needed at the present time? Either through THE BLADE or by letter.—BENJAMIN LEWIS, 147 S. Lincoln ave., Scranton, Pa.

I would be very much pleased to receive from the young readers of the HOUSEHOLD half a yard of ribbon for my friendship cane. I would also like to correspond with some of them.—JESSIE M. HUEY, Tidioute, Warren county, Pa.

I would like to correspond with some ladies—members of THE HOUSEHOLD—living in southern Colorado and Washington Territory. Object to inquire about country, climate, etc. Address MRS. J., Milton, Iowa.

If there is any young girl or woman who is a good cook and tidy housekeeper, desirous of obtaining a comfortable home with a middle aged couple, she will please write to MRS. F. C. R., Onama, Wonona county, Iowa.

Will some one send a pretty pattern for a mitten back? Something besides shell and rope.—ADELE.

Will Mrs. Ben Talbott send cactus to any one paying postage? I am anxious to get some. Please answer through BLADE.—IOWA IDLER.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

MRS. A. M. L., your best way to learn all about the Kindergarten is to write to some teacher who has had a thorough training and can tell you from her own experience. I will give you the names of some schools and then you can write and gain definite information as to the points you inquire about: Misses Law, Toledo, O.; Chicago Froebel association; Chicago Free Kindergarten association; St. Louis Public Kindergarten class. I can most heartily recommend the first from personal knowledge, and the others are, no doubt, excellent.

The following books are also good to read: Barnard's "Kindergarten Papers"; Baroness Von Bulow's "Life of Froebel"; "Madam Krauss Guide", and Weible's "Paradise of Childhood."—ED.

In answer to Mrs. Sims, Merrill's question about making little boys and girls dresses, I will tell her how I made my little boy a dress. The materials for the dress were dark-blue Henrietta cloth and old gold worsted braid, with two dozen round brass buttons. I made it sailor waist with sailor collar. I put two rows of the braid around the collar, two down each side of the front, two pockets, and three on the sleeves, and I put eight buttons and button-holes down the front as I think it looks prettier to see them rather close together. For the skirt, I cut a gore 8½ inches wide at the top and 12 inches wide at the bottom, and my little boy's skirt was about 15 inches long. In cutting the gore allow 1 inch on each side to turn under. Hollow the top a little so that it will fit smoothly and round the bottom a little. Allow for a hem on the bottom also. The back is just straight pleated, rather full, turning the pleats to the right. Put three rows of braid across the back, the lower row about 2 inches from the bottom. Now fasten the front gore of the skirt to the pleats by lapping the edges of the gore over the edges of the pleating. Work button holes in the left side of the gore and sew buttons on that side of the skirt to fasten them together on the right side. Fasten them together by sewing buttons on to correspond with those on the left side. I sew 8 buttons on each side, then put a band on the top. Work button holes in it to button on an under waist. This, I think, makes a very nice dress for little boys.—MRS. KITTIE HOWELL.

If Majorie March will send me her address I will send her some instructions that will aid her.—Miss Josie Blasing, Lyauhatau, Kan.

"School girl." A very pretty dress to wear to a hotel breakfast table is one of some nice wool goods, made princess back with a front of some contrasting silk, put in plaits and tied with bright ribbons to match. The blouse waists and plain skirts also make pretty breakfast costumes for a young lady if she is slender enough to wear them. A good dress-maker ought to be able to advise you as to the particular style you should have, and the amount of material. Get some good fashion paper, as *Harper's Bazar*, or the New York *Fashion Bazar*, and study it, and you will soon learn to exercise your own taste in these matters. Use care in not choosing styles that will attract observation to yourself upon the streets, unless by excellent make and fit; and remember that it is always better to be too quietly dressed than in a *bizarre* way. Avoid heavy silks, velvets, and plushes, except for trimmings, until you are older.—[ED.

RECIPES.

CURRENT JELLY.—Select currants that have been freshly picked and are not too ripe. If they are sandy, wash them, but do not stem. Mash a small quantity at a time in a stone jar, with a potato-masher, squeeze through a flannel bag, then strain again without squeezing, that the liquid may be *perfectly* clear. Turn the liquid into a porcelain-lined kettle, stand over a brisk fire. Put the sugar into earthen dishes, and then in the oven to heat. Boil the juice 20 minutes after it begins to boil, then stir in hastily the hot sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved, no longer. Skim thoroughly, bring it quickly to a boil again, and boil 2 minutes. Dip the tumblers into hot water, fill them with the boiling liquid, and stand away for 24 hours to jelly. If it is not then sufficiently jelled, cover the tumblers with common window-glass and stand in the sun several days. Then cover with tissue paper.

PEACH JELLY.—Pare, stone, and slice the peaches, put them into a stone jar, and to each ½ peck of peaches, allow 1 cupful of water. Crack a dozen of the kernels and throw them in with the peaches. Stand the jar in a kettle of boiling water, cover closely, and boil for one hour, stirring until the fruit is well broken, then turn into a flannel jelly-bag, and hang up to drip. To every pound of this juice allow the juice of one lemon and one pound of granulated sugar. Finish the same as apple jelly.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Wash and wipe the stalks, and, without paring, cut into pieces about 1 inch long, put into a porcelain-lined kettle, allowing 1 pint of water to every 4 pounds of rhubarb. Boil to a soft pulp, turn into a jelly-bag, and hang up to drip; do not squeeze or press. To every pint of this juice allow 1 pound of sugar. Boil and finish the same as apple jelly.

APPLE JELLY.—Ladv blush or fall pippins are best for jelly. The first make a bright-red jelly, and the latter an almost white jelly.

Wipe the fruit, cut into pieces without paring or removing the seeds. Put into a porcelain-lined kettle and barely cover with cold water; cover the kettle, and boil slowly until the apples are very tender; then drain them through a flannel jelly-bag—do not squeeze, or the jelly will be cloudy. To every pint of this juice allow 1 lb. of granulated sugar. Put the juice into a porcelain-lined kettle, and bring it quickly to a boil; add the sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then boil rapidly and continuously until it jellies, skimming the scum as it comes to the surface; 20 minutes is usually sufficient, but sometimes I have boiled it 35 minutes before it would jelly properly. It is wise to commence testing after 15 minutes' boiling. To do this, take out 1 teaspoonful of the boiling jelly, pour it into the bottom of a saucer, and stand it in a cold place for a moment; then scrape it one side with a spoon—if jelled, the surface will be partly solid; if not, boil a few minutes longer, and try again. As soon as it jellies, roll the tumblers quick in boiling water, then fill them with the boiling liquid. Stand aside until cold and firm (about 24 hours). Then, if you have jelly tumblers, put on the lids; if not, cover with two thicknesses of tissue paper, and paste the edges of the paper down over the edge of the tumbler. Then moisten the top of the paper with a sponge dipped in cold water. This moistening stretches the paper, so that when it dries again it shrinks and forms a covering as tight and smooth as bladder skin. I do not recommend jelly being covered with brandied paper, as in my hands it has never been satisfactory. The jelly, in cooling, forms its own air proof covering, and if the top of the tumbler be well secured, it is all that is necessary. Keep in a cool, dark place.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—The uncultivated blackberry es are best for jelly, and should be rather under than over-ripe. Put the berries into a stone jar, stand it in a kettle of cold water, cover the top of the jar, and heat slowly until the berries are soft. Now put a small quantity at a time into your jelly-bag, and squeeze out all the juice. Measure the juice, and to each pint allow 1 lb of granulated sugar. Turn the juice into a porcelain-lined kettle, and stand over a brisk fire. Turn the sugar into earthen dishes and stand in the oven to heat. Boil the juice rapidly and continuously for 20 minutes, then turn in the sugar hastily, stirring all the while until the sugar is dissolved. Dip your tumblers quickly into hot water, watch the liquid carefully, and as soon as it comes again to a boil, take it from the fire and fill the tumblers.

If the fruit is over-ripe your jelly will never be firm, no matter how long you boil it.

Follow these directions carefully and you will never fail.—[Canning and Preserving.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

PALMYRA, ME.	PITTSFIELD, ME.
Ada E Durgin	Lillie A Bell
Emma J Boston	WEST PLAINS, MO.
Thena N Lowe	Corliss R Thornton
Elsie E Emery	Calvin Thornton
Luther H Fowle	Merrill Thornton
Lillian M Raymond	Alta Thornton
Willie N Raymond	Ethel Thornton
Lena M Nutt	Virgil Thornton

Names this week, 15. Total, 27,480.

The above embraces all names received up to September 20.

GOOD MORNING, GOD.

BY MRS. M. A. SUTPIN.

Our little Belle was up betimes
Just at the peep o' day;
The morning-glories greeted her
From tender vine and spray.

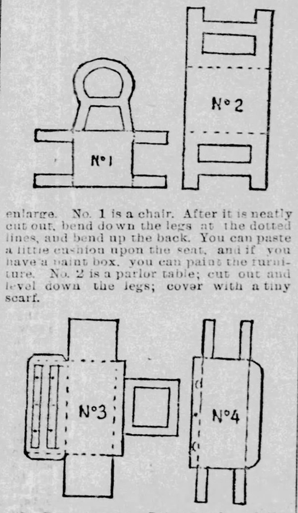
God made their smiling faces all,
And this she knew full well;
In them she thought she heard a voice:
"God morning, little Belle."

Her baby-heart was filled with love,
And, with a graceful nod,
Seeing her Maker in the flowers,
She said, "Good morning, God."

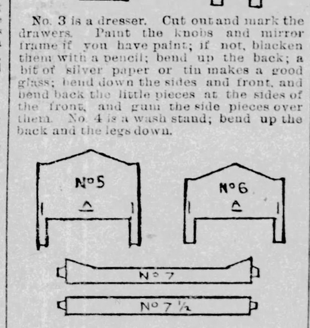
For the Young Folks.

A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

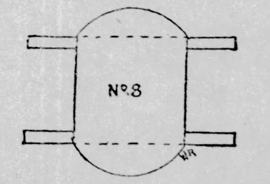
DEAR LITTLE GIRLS:—Do you like to make paper dolls? "You do." Well, the other day I had four little girls come to spend the afternoon with me. They told me about their paper dolls, and I asked if they had a doll home for them. They did not; so we made one. It was made out of a big box, with wall paper for carpets, some wide lace for curtains, and lots of tiny pictures framed in gilt paper. We then made some furniture out of smooth cardboard. I will show you how we made the furniture. Get some rather thin pasteboard boxes or a sheet of bristol board; also get a very sharp pen-knife, a knife being much better than scissors to cut the card, still the latter will do. You can enlarge any of the patterns by using a pencil or ruler. Get your mamma or big sister to help you enlarge. No. 1 is a chair. After it is neatly cut out, bend down the legs at the dotted lines, and bend up the back. You can paste a little cushion upon the seat, and if you have a paint box, you can paint the furniture. No. 2 is a parlor table; cut out and level down the legs; cover with a tiny scarf.



No. 3 is a dresser. Cut out and mark the drawers. Paint the knobs and mirror frame if you have paint; if not, blacken them with a pencil; bend up the back; a bit of silver paper or tin makes a good glass; bend down the sides and front, and bend back the little pieces at the sides of the front, and gum the side pieces over them. No. 4 is a wash stand; bend up the back and the legs down.



No. 5, 6 and 7 is a bedstead. When cut out, put the pointed ends of the side pieces through the slits made in the head and foot boards. No. 7½ is to be put through the slits marked A, and forms the bottom. A bit of white cotton wadding makes a nice bed with a tiny pillow at the head. No. 8 shows a dining-room table. Bend down the legs and leaves. These can all be made larger with care.



For dining-room chairs use the parlor chair pattern. A sofa can be made like a long, low table with a back to it, and an arm can be gummed in place. Sometime I will tell you how to make a house and village and a doll theater.

MONTANA MAY.

BEN FRANKLIN'S FISHING PIER.

BELLE CHISHOLM.

About the year 1716, a boy named Ben Franklin was often seen in the streets of Boston. He was ten years old at that time, and as bright and sprightly a lad as one would see in a day's drive. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap-boiler and tallow chandler, and lived in Milk street, near the Old South Church.

Ben was very fond of fishing, and spent many of his leisure hours on the margin of the milk-pond, catching perch, eels, and flounders. Though the place where they then fished is now covered with stone pavements and brick buildings, and thronged with crowds of people, at that time it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where the sea gulls flitted and screamed overhead and salt meadow grass grew underfoot.

There was a bed of clay on the edge of the water, where the boys were forced to stand while fishing.

"This is very disagreeable," said Ben, one day, as he was standing knee-deep in the quagmire. "I'm not going to put up with such accommodations much longer."

"Going to quit fishing?" asked one of his companions.

"Not I; no, indeed. I like the sport to well to be driven off so easily. I am not going to quit; but I have just thought of a scheme that will greatly benefit us, as well as the public at large," explained Ben.

"What is your scheme?" inquired the boys, recalling how successfully he had managed all their enterprises ever since he was out of pinafores. Mounting on a stump, he began:

"You know, boys, what a plague it is to be compelled to stand in mud and water shoe-top deep. I am wet to the knees, and the rest of you are in the same pickle. Now, I propose to build a pier for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries in a civilized way."

"Franklin forever!" shouted the boys, waving their caps in the air.

Without paying attention to the applause, Ben went on:

"You see those stones over there by that large frame building; the workmen had them hauled there for the purpose of repairing the foundation, but that would be benefiting one man alone. My plan is to take those stones, carry them to the edge of the water, and build a pier with them. You see, this will not only enable us to carry on our fishing business with comfort, but it will prove a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man receiving all the advantage, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand will enjoy the result of our work. What say you, boys? Shall we build the pier?"

Ben's proposal was received with one of those hearty cheers wherewith boys usually express their delight at whatever usually completely suits their views. No one thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with another man's stones, especially when so many would be benefitted thereby. After a short consultation, they agreed to meet on the stone heap at dusk, and begin their grand public enterprise by moonlight. At the appointed time the whole youthful gang were on the spot, ready to begin the task they had undertaken. They had not counted how much labor the removing of the stones would cost; but, with Ben Franklin for captain, there was no chance of giving up. The stones were very heavy, but the young leader's mechanical genius contrived methods to lighten the labor of the transportation; and, when their spirits flagged, he had a joke ready which gave them new strength by setting them all to laughing. After two hours of hard work, the stones were all removed to the waterside, and Ben undertook to engineer the construction of the pier. Like a colony of ants, by their multitude, the boys did wonders; and, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the last stone was fitted to its place.

"Now, fellows," said Ben, "let us give three cheers, and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease; no more standing in mud."

Off came their caps, and three rousing cheers rent the air and came back to them from across the water. Then the boys went home delighted with their work, and slept all the more soundly because they were tired out.

In the morning when the masons returned to their work, they were surprised to find the great heap of stones they had left gone. One man declared that some witchcraft had been at work, but the more sensible workman agreed that the stones had been stolen.

The master mason, who was a gruff sort of a man, said nothing at first; but, after looking around for a short time, he discovered innumerable little tracks, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these tracks, he soon found out what had become of their property.

"Ah! I see what the mischief is," he said. "Those little rascals have stolen our stones to build a pier with; and no fool has superintended the job, either."

The workmen hurried away to see the new structure, and they all agreed that it had been planned and finished with admirable skill.

"The chaps that built this pier understood their business pretty well," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself."

But the master-mason did not enjoy the joke, and called a constable to investigate the theft. There was no trouble in discovering the pilferers; for, as soon as they escaped from school, they hurried off to test their new pier, and, when confronted with their crime, boldly stood up for what they considered the rights of the masses. They were taken into the custody of the constable, however; and, had not the owner of the stones been a merciful man, it might have gone hard with the youthful rebels. Often, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's talent, and moreover was amused with the whole affair, so he let the prisoners off very easily.

When Ben's good father called him to account, the boy was ready with the same defense he had pleaded before the boys.

"I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

"My son," said his father, "so far as was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owners of the stone. In building your pier with stolen material, you have committed a moral wrong. There is no more terrible mistake than to violate what is eternally right for the sake of a seeming expediency.

Remember that, whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for a moment; but both in time and eternity it will be so."

To his dying day, Ben remembered this talk with his father, and we have reason to believe that in his public and private life, he endeavored to act upon the principles taught by that good and wise parent.—*Christian at Work.*

THE BOYHOOD OF COLONEL KNOX.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

Some time ago at a dinner-party of Americans in Paris, the conversation turned on the comparative merits of the various transatlantic steamers.

"Which steamer did you come by?" one of guests asked a tall, dark-complexioned man, who sat next to him.

"O, I came from America by land!" was the reply.

The speaker was Colonel Thomas W. Knox, the celebrated traveler and special correspondent, who had recently arrived in Paris from the United States by the way of Kamtchatka, Siberia, the Amoor River, Mongolia, Chinese Tartary, and Russia. He had scored three thousand five hundred miles in sledges and fifteen hundred miles on wheels.

Since then Colonel Knox has written several delightful books of travel and adventure for young people, and the readers of these volumes will be glad to learn something about the boyhood of the author, though they will not find anything very thrilling in it, or, indeed, anything beyond the usual happenings in the life of a farmer's boy.

He was born in Pembroke, New Hampshire, on June 26, 1835, and when he was only three years old his father died, followed by his mother ten months later. After this calamity he continued to live with relatives in New Hampshire for a few months, and then he was sent to an uncle in Boston, where he attended the Mayhew School. Already he had a passion for travel, and his favorite study was geography; he was the foremost pupil in that, and, though he was sometimes at fault in mathematics and grammar, he was always perfect in his geography lessons. In reading, too, his greatest treat, like that of most boys, was for travel and adventure, and he could never get enough of them, though he also read history, biography, and science—every thing, indeed, that he could lay his

Talmage's Sermon.

HIS TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRIP.

The Land is to Be the Lord's from Ocean to Ocean—The Destiny of the Nation.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 22.—It was a great anthem of praise that went up from the crowded throngs at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning where the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached as usual. The opening hymn was:

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt.
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

The subject of the sermon was "From Ocean to Ocean, or My Transcontinental Journeys." Text—Ps. lxxii, 8: "He shall have dominion from sea to sea." The preacher said:

America for God.

What two seas are here referred to? Some might say that the text meant that Christ was to reign over all the land between the Arabian sea and Caspian sea, or between the Red sea and the Mediterranean sea, or between the Black sea and the North sea. No; in such cases my text would have named them. It meant from any large body of water on the earth clear across to any other large body of water. And so I have a right to read it: He shall have domain from the Atlantic sea to the Pacific sea. My theme is, America for God.

First, consider the immensity of this procession. If it were only a small tract of land capable of nothing better than sage brush and with ability only to support prairie dogs, I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to his dominion. But its immensity and influence no one can imagine unless, in immigrant wagon or in stage coach or in rail train of the Union Pacific or the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific or the Southern Pacific, he has traversed it. Having been privileged six times to cross this continent, and twice this summer, I have come to some appreciation of its magnitude. California, which I supposed in boyhood from its size on the map was a few yards across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevadas on one side or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other; California, this thin slice of land as I supposed to be in boyhood, I have found to be larger than all the states in New England and all New York state and all Pennsylvania added together; and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington territory, to be launched next winter into statehood, will be giants at their birth. Let the Congress of the United States call a point and soon admit also Idaho and Wyoming and New Mexico. What is the use of keeping them out in the cold any longer? Let us have the whole continent divided into states, with senatorial and congressional representatives, and we will all be happy together. If some of them have not quite the requisite number of people, fix up the constitution to suit these cases. Even Utah will, by dropping polygamy, soon be ready to enter. Monogamy has triumphed in parts of Utah, and will probably triumph at this fall election in Salt Lake City. Turn all the territories into states, and if some of the sisters are smaller than the older sisters, give them time, and they will grow as large as any of them. Because some of the daughters of a family may be five feet in stature, and the other daughters only four feet, do not let the daughters five feet high shut the door in the faces of those who are only four feet high. Among the dying utterances of our good friend, the wise statesman and good author, the brilliant orator and the magnificent soul, S. S. Cox, was the expressed determination to move next winter in Congress for the transference of other territories into states.

The Country's Possibilities.

"But," says some one, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are uncultivated, heaps of dry sand, the 'bad lands' of Montana and the great American desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within 25 years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts a hundred miles of land not reclaimed either by farmer's plow or miner's crowbar. By irrigation the waters of the rivers and the showers of heaven in what are called the rainy season will be gathered into great reservoirs and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. Utah is an object lesson. Some parts of that territory were so sterile and barren that a spear of grass could not have been raised there in a hundred years are now as rich as Lancaster county farms of Pennsylvania, or Westchester farms of New York, of Somerset county farms of New Jersey. Experiments have proved that ten acres of ground irrigated from water gathered in great hydrological basins will produce as much as fifty acres from the downpour of rain, as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water and then set it on a table and take a drink out of it whenever you are thirsty and never think of drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Montana and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers of reservoirs and drink out of them whenever they will and refresh their land whenever they will. The work has already been grandly begun by the United States government. Over four hundred lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the nation for the great enterprise of irrigation. Rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed and corralled and penned up until such times as the farmers need them. Under the same processes the Ohio, the Mississippi and all the other rivers will be taught to behave themselves better, and great basins will be made to catch the surplus of water in times of freshet and keep them for times of drought. The irrigating process by which all the arid lands between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans are to be fertilized is no new experiment. It has been going on successfully hundreds of years in Spain, in China, in Russia, in Egypt. About 800,000,000 of people of the earth to-day are kept alive by food raised on irrigated land. And here we have allowed to lie waste, given up to rattlesnake and bat and prairie dog, lands enough to support whole nations of industrious population. The work begun will be consummated. More and there exceptional lands may be that refuse to yield any wheat or corn born from their hard fists, but if the whole fail to make impression the miner's pickax will discover the reason for it, and bring up from beneath those unproductive surfaces coal and iron and lead and copper and silver and gold. God speed the geologists and the surveyors, the engineers and the senatorial commissions and the capitalists and the new settlers and the husbandmen who put their brain and hand and heart to this transfiguration of the American continent!

Not a Monotonous Immensity.

But while I speak of the immensity of the continent, I must remark it is not an immensity of monotone or tameness. The larger some countries are, the worse for the world. This country is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. What a pity the United States government did not take possession of Yosemite, California, as it has of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, and of Niagara Falls, New York! Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tingle? Trees now standing that were old when Christ lived. Those monarchs of foliage reigned before Cæsar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their scepter. They are the masts of the continent, their canvass spread on the wind while the old ship bears on its way through the ages. Their size, of which travelers often speak, does not affect me so much as their longevity. Though so old now, the branches of some of them will crackle in the last conflagration of the planet. That valley of Yosemite is eight miles long and a half mile wide, and 3,000 feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a space as possible some of the most stupendous scenery in the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep so that neither foot of man or beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth, these are its white pillars. Standing down in this great chasm of the valley, you look up, and yonder is Cathedral Rock, vast gloomy monster, built for the silent worship of the mountains. Yonder is Sentinel Rock, 3,270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched, until a bride one Fourth of July mounted it and planted the national standard, and the people down in the valleys looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with stars and stripes. Yonder are the "Three Brothers," 4,000 feet high; "Cloud's Rest," North and South Dome and heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder storm. No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks the water comes down. The Bridal Veil falls, so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks so that the white spirit of the slain waters, ascending in robe of mist, seeks the heaven. Yonder is Nevada falls, plunging 700 feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty and rushes on until it drops into a very well of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

The Yellowstone Park.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone park. My visit there last month made upon me an impression that will last forever. After all poetry has exhausted itself and all the Mornas and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone park is a geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over five thousand years growing. In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every 65 minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls, large enough for the sepulcher of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower, and of gladiola. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron with their delicate pencils turning the hills into a Luxemburg or a Vatican picture gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and the so-called Evangeline geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates. The so-called Pulpit Terrace, from its white elevation preaching mightier sermons of God than human lips ever uttered. The so-called Bethesda geyser, in the warmth of which invalids have already been cured, the angel of health continually stirring the waters; enraged craters, with heat at five hundred degrees only a little below the surface. Wide reaches of stone of intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, grizzly as the bear, in circles, in angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites, stalagmites. Here and there are petrified growths of the dead trees, and vegetation of other ages kept through a process of natural embalment In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to talk from the mother's lap, and not far off, as foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in murderous struggle with his keeper.

The Grand Canyon.

But after you have wandered among the geyserite enchantment for days and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand canyon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulf let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and let down and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring. Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals and Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltars and Sebastopols that were to be taken. A hamlbrabe where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was imperilled. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the lesser hills are baptized while the giant cliffs stand round as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped and the world was invited divinely and inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and now this last Testament written on the rocks. Hanging over one of the rocks of the cliffs looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Yonder are 50 feet of emerald on a base of 500 feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on the pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into solferino. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching among rocks.

A Hall for the Last Judgment.

Yonder is an eagle's nest on a shaft of basalt. Through an eyeglass we see among it the young eagles, but the keenest arm of our group cannot hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped. Altars of worship at which nations might kneel. Domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry. See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battlefield of the war of the elements. Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven, neither the sapphire, nor the topaz, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the jasper, nor the twelve gates of twelve pearls wanting. If spirits bound from earth to heaven could pass up by way of this canyon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory. Ascent through such earthly scenery in which the crystal is so bright and the red so flaming would be fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire. Standing there in the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone park on the morning of August 9, after a while it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrade: "What a Hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it. Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of a Judge of quick and dead. And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at his feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a floor on which the nations of earth might stand and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from all those caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery that Omnipotence ever built?

The Mediterranean of America.

Oh! the sweep of the American continent. Sailing on Puget sound, its shores so bold that for fifteen hundred miles a ship's prow would touch the shore before its keel touched the bottom, I said: "This is the Mediterrean of America." Visiting Portland, and Tacoma, and Seattle, and Victoria, and Fort Townsend, and Vancouvers and other cities of the northwest region I thought to myself: These are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charlestons and Savannahs of the Pacific coast. But after all this summer's journeying, and my other journeys westward in other summers, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders and let you know the comprehensiveness of the text when it says that Christ is going to have dominion from sea to sea; that is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Beside that, the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only 36 miles from Asia at the northwest. Only Behring straits separate us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge before another century closes, and probably long before that. The 36 miles of water between these two continents are not all deep sea, but have three islands, and there are also shoals which will allow piers for bridges, and for the most of the way the water is only about twenty fathoms deep. That Americo-Asiatic bridge which will yet span those straits will make America, Asia, Europe and Africa one continent. So you see America evangelized, Asia will be evangelized. Europe taking Asia from one side and America taking it from the other side. Our great-grandchildren will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the pangs of sea sickness, and the prophecies in Revelation will be fulfilled. There shall be no more sea. But do I mean literally that this American continent is going to be all gospelized? I do. Christopher Columbus when he went ashore from the Santa Maria, and his second brother Alonzo when he went ashore from the Pinta, and his third brother Vincent when he went ashore from the Nina, took possession of this country in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Satan had no more right to this country than I have to your pocket-book. To hear him talk on the roof of the Temple, where he proposed to give Christ the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, you might suppose that Satan was a great capitalist, or that he was loaded up with real estate, when the old miscreant never owned an acre or an inch of ground on this planet. For that reason I protest against something I heard and saw this summer in Montana and Oregon and Wyoming and Idaho and Colorado and California. They have given devilistic names to many places in the west and northwest. As soon as you get in Yellowstone park or California you have places pointed out to you cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," "The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mushpot," "The Devil's Dip Bowl," "The Devil's Sawmill," "The Devil's Machine Shop," "The Devil's Gate," and so on. Now it is very much needed that geological surveyor or congressional committee or group of distinguished tourists go through Montana and Wyoming and California and Colorado and give other names to those places. All these regions belong to the Lord and a Christian nation, and away with such Plutonic nomenclature.

How to Spread the Gospel.

But how is this continent to be gospelized? The pulpit and a Christian printing press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plow. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am sick of them and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins and heal all our diseases and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only scriptural phraseology and you will see how quick the people will jump after them. On the Columbia river, a few days ago, we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could only have the right kind of bait they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Christian associations of America will also do part of the work. All over the continent I saw this summer their new buildings rising. In Vancouver's I asked: "What are you going to put on that sightly place?" The answer was: "A Young Men's Christian association building." At Lincoln, Neb., I said: "What are they making those excavations for?" The answer: "For a Young Men's Christian association building." At Des Moines, Iowa, I saw a noble structure rising, and I asked for what purpose it was being built, and they told me for the Young Men's Christian association. These institutions are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made our Young Men's Christian palace possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated, it will cost about one hundred million dollars to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with Gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah: "In the wilderness waters have broken out and streams in the desert," and with David: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! America for God!

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Recipe for Colic in Horses and Colts—Good Condition Powders.

H. J. S., (no state): There are two forms of colic—spasmodic and flatulent. The former results from too sudden change of diet, constipation, ulcers of the stomach, drinking cold water when heated, exhaustion from overwork. The muscular coats of the intestines contract, causing severe pain. Flatulent colic is the most dangerous form, and manifests itself usually during the course of some other disease, or may be superinduced by spasmodic colic. It will occur after the animal eats food that easily undergoes fermentation. A justly celebrated recipe for colic is that of Mr. Chawner's. It has been claimed for it that it has never been known to fail in a genuine case of colic. The object should be first to clean out the bowels with a gentle stimulant. The recipe is: Chloroform, laudanum, sulphuric ether, of each 1 oz.; linseed oil, raw, 8 ozs. This for one dose for a full grown animal, and proportionately less for animals of less mature age. In case this does not act within an hour, give half as much as at first. Keep tightly corked and in a bottle for use when required. A good condition powder is: Gentian, fenugreek, sulphur, saltpetre, cream of tartar, of each 2 ozs; rosin, black antimony, of each 1 oz; ginger, licorice, of each 3 ozs.; cayenne pepper, 1 oz. Pulverize and mix thoroughly. Dose, a tablespoonful once or twice a day mixed with food. It may be used in cases of coughs, colds, distemper, hidebound, and nearly all diseases for which condition powders are used. Warning has been given time and again, in this department, against the free use of condition powders. They are frequently given when a horse is in health, and are, in all such cases, injurious. Hundreds of the horses are injured every year by too free use of condition powders. When a horse is "off his feed," a small quantity of condition powder is beneficial. The best plan is to prevent disease by careful grooming, good quarters, proper food, and humane treatment, whether at work or in the stable.

Egg Plant.

D. L. P., Luttsville, Missouri: There are three well-known kinds of egg-plant—the long purple, black Pekin and white-fruited. The egg-plant is a native of tropical America. Egg-plants, when they first germinate, are very sensitive to damp and cold. The purple variety is the most popular. They may be sown in hot-beds about the first of March, and the sashes kept down close until the plants come up. After which a little air may be given in the heat of the day. Towards the middle of May, if the weather be warm and settled, the plants should be set out from 24 to 30 inches apart, in a rich, warm piece of ground; and if kept clean and a little earth be drawn up to their stems, when about a foot high, they will produce plenty of fruit. Plants of the white variety may be raised in the same manner, and transplanted in pots in May; or if some of the seed be sown in a warm situation in the first week in May, these may come to perfection in the course of the summer. The egg-plants will not grow in the open ground until settled warm weather, and are apt to perish if planted too early. The gardener should be provided with small pots, in order that the plants may be transplanted therein early in May, and placed in a frame, there to remain until the first week in June, at which time, if they are turned out and planted in the balls entire, they will soon take root and grow freely.

To Bring an Increase of Milk in Cow.

R. T. J. Oregon: Nourishing and abundant food, with gentle friction of the udder and teats are essentials. The food should be frequently changed. A poultice of castor oil plant to the udder is good. It should be chopped fine and applied every morning. A prescription, in cases where there is secretion of milk, is recommended by Prof. Gamgee, namely: Black sulphuret of antimony, 2 ozs.; powdered fenugreek seed and common salt, of each, 4 ozs. One-quarter of this to be mixed with the food each day. Sometimes milk is backward in making its appearance in heifers. In such cases it is best not to give anything beyond nourishing food, and to rub the udder as stated.

Fevered Condition of Cow.

J. T., Milwaukee, Wis.: The recipe you speak of is as follows: Salts, ¾ lb., molasses 1 teacupful. Stir in a quart of warm water and give to the animal. Hyposulphate of soda should be given once a day, an ounce at a time after the above cathartic has acted, for about ten days.

Will Smutty Wheat Grow and Produce Smut?

N. H. G., McDonald, Kansas: Smut is a fungus which, when the balls of wheat are broken, attaches itself to the ends of the wheat and grows in its place. Smut is developed in a dry as well as in a rainy year, and as well in a dry as a moist soil. It is remarked that when it has made the greatest ravages was always in little fertile grounds, or such as had the year preceding produced a germinee affected by smut. In the first place the vegetable life was weakened and the mushroom (smut) met less resistance to its development; and in the second, the ground, having retained the spores of the mushroom of the preceding year, contained the element of the malady. Wheat that is smutted and when the cuticle is not broken, so that the smut destroyes the germ of the grain, will grow, but the smut being in the ground with the wheat is liable to attack the plant. Therefore precautionary measures should be taken; first, not to sow wheat on ground in which the wheat was smutty at the previous harvest, and second, to prepare the seed in which there is a suspicion of smut as follows: Make a solution of 1 lb. of blue stone (sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol) to 2 gallons of water. Put the solution in a tub or other wooden vessel. Then put in wheat to within 2 or 3 inches of the surface; stir it well and then let it stand an hour or longer. At the expiration of this time the light (diseased) grains of wheat, as well as the newest, will rise to the surface and may be skimmed off. After the wheat has been taken out of the vessel it should be spead on a dry floor, and thoroughly sprinkled with recently slaked lime. If necessary, it may remain in this state several days before sowing. As to your other question: "What is the best kind of wheat to sow in a locality where wheat is liable to smut?" it is but necessary to say that any wheat is liable to be attacked, and that there is no smut-proof wheat.

The Best Time to Plant Fines, Balsam, Spruce, Etc.

A. H. D., Westley, Wisconsin: Evergreen trees may be planted in either spring or fall. The best time in your climate, perhaps, is about the middle of April. This, of course, refers to trees that are of suitable size to transplant from the nursery. The ground should be prepared, and well pulverized. As to raising firs and pines in general from the seed, an authority says: "Being provided with good seed, as early in the spring as possible prepare beds three or four feet wide, of rich loamy ground, by no means subject to burn or parch with the summer heats; then sow the seeds in the surface of the ground, very thick, at least ten or twelve seeds to every square inch. It is intended that when they come up, they shall completely cover the surface, or they will be in danger of being destroyed by the summer heat. It is also necessary to sow them early (there being no apprehension from frosts) that they may be established before the summer heats. After the seeds are sown, sift over them about a quarter of an inch of fine, rich, light mould, then place over the beds suitable nets to keep off the birds, as they are extremely fond of them, and as the plants generally carry up the seeds on their tops, if not protected from these plunderers, very few would escape. The beds must be kept free from weeds, and occasionally watered in warm weather. In the beginning of July sift some fine, light, rich earth over the beds so as to just come up in the foliage, without covering it. When they have had two years' growth in the seedbeds, early in April take them all up out of the bed with a spade, without injuring the roots or fibres, and plant them in rows inside their reception 18 inches apart, without trimming them, and eight inches plant from plant in the rows, just so deep that the earth may come up to their foliage, close it about their roots, and water them occasionally until sufficiently taken with the earth, and growing freely, and if the watering is repeated frequently during the summer and early autumn, the better it always gives it about sunset. When these plants have stood two or three years in these rows, they may be planted out in April where they are intended to remain, as this is the most successful period for this purpose, which in the middle states should be done from the first to the middle of April in more the northern climate a little later than the time named." When it is desirable to have trees direct from the nursery—and now days a very great majority of people do not care to await the slow process of raising trees from the seed—it is best to order them in such quantities as are needed, from well-known nurserymen. Many of the nurseries now have space devoted to the propagation of evergreen trees.

Ulcerated Shoulders in Horse.

W. C. M., Mahaska, Iowa: The first thing for you to do is to poultice the shoulders of your horse for a day or two. Then wash the shoulders with warm water and soap until they are perfectly clean. Swab the parts well with powdered sulphate of zinc, 1 dr.; distilled or soft water, 10 ozs. Make a swab of soft linen, and swab the sores to the bottom, also swab all over the surface of the sores. The ulcers should be scarified a little with the point of a knife to induce granulation. Keep swabbing the ulcerated parts until they begin to heal, then take of burnt alum 2 parts, flour 3 parts, and scatter it over the sores, washing off once a day and re-applying until the parts are well. While carrying out the above treatment, take of citrate of iron and magnesia 6 drs. Powder it and divide into 12 powders. Give one of these two or three times a day in a mash or dissolved in the drinking water, or as a drench in water. Feed the animal plenty of good, wholesome food, and do not work him while under treatment.

Distemper Leaves Callus Under Colt's Jaws and Small Lumps on Colt's Leg.

B. G. H., Jordon Valley, Oregon: It may be that the lumps between the jaws of your colt, left after suffering from distemper or strangles, and which is getting larger, may break and discharge pus. Poultice it well for two or three days with linseed meal poultices, and if the lump shows no signs of "pointing," or becoming quited. A good condition powder is: Gentian, fenugreek, sulphur, saltpetre, cream of tartar, of each 2 ozs; rosin, black antimony, of each 1 oz; ginger, licorice, of each 3 ozs.; cayenne pepper, 1 oz. Pulverize and mix thoroughly. Dose, a tablespoonful once or twice a day mixed with food. It may be used in cases of coughs, colds, distemper, hidebound, and nearly all diseases for which condition powders are used. Warning has been given time and again, in this department, against the free use of condition powders. They are frequently given when a horse is in health, and are, in all such cases, injurious. Hundreds of the horses are injured every year by too free use of condition powders. When a horse is "off his feed," a small quantity of condition powder is beneficial. The best plan is to prevent disease by careful grooming, good quarters, proper food, and humane treatment, whether at work or in the stable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Not Favorable to the Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In your issue of September 5, "Alliance," of Tompkinsville, Florida, takes exceptions to some of our statements, in a letter published in the FARM department some weeks ago. At the same time he tries to hold my figuring up to ridicule, and make it appear entirely different from what it was. Instead of 80 per cent it was 80 cents on the dollar. The gentleman stated in the speech that my information was derived from heresay. I have ample proof to establish the facts I gave, and also the fact that at the same time and place he made other statements of a like nature which neither he or any other man (Alliance or otherwise) can substantiate.

Our friend from the sunny south, I am afraid, has got things slightly mixed. Our knowledge of figuring and also of the Alliance may be to some extent limited, but we cannot bring ourselves to believe it is confined to the "cracker" element of the south.

His statement in regard to the object of the Alliance, is enough to provoke a smile. The claim that they are working for the interest of the farmers and fruit growers, sounds well enough. But in what way? They have been at it for some years at least, and we see no perceptible change. They cry aloud against the manufacturer and middle men, and include all branches of trade, groceries, dry goods, machinery of all kinds, etc. They make the most extravagant assertions, in the face of the fact that the price of machinery of all kinds has decreased nearly one-half since 1873. Take our binders as a sample. The first binders sold in this section cost the farmers $250 to $300. To-day you can get the best on the market for $125, and other articles as low in proportion. Many of our hardware deniers are selling at a profit of less than 10 per cent. As to the Alliance not hurting any one or any profession, I assert that it is trying to-day to injure the business of all our merchants, and have carried the thing so far as to boycott some of our blacksmiths.

The long and short of it is, the Alliance is opposed, by its action, to competition. It has entered in a fight against trusts by forming one of the largest trusts in existance. It seeks to control the market without taking in consideration the law of supply and demand. It is opposed to the laboring man and mechanic, whose interests are identified with the interest of the manufacturer.

But so much for the Alliance. We have enjoyed a most bountiful harvest this year. Wheat is mostly threshed, and the yield immense, quality good. Corn bids fair to be the best crop for years. Vegetables, especially potatoes, are good. Taking it all in all, Southern Indiana will compare favorably with any other section of our broad domain as regards good crops and a happy and contented people.—JOHN H. HOGUE, Bruceville, Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The American Beef Supply.

The forthcoming report of the Bureau of Animal Industry will contain a report of the investigations made of late years by the department of Agriculture to ascertain the number of cattle in this country. For a number of years past beef growers have witnessed a steady decline in prices. What caused this decline and what are the prospects for future trade? These are questions of vital importance to stockmen, and they are the questions which the department has endeavored to answer. The pith of the report is contained in the following summary:

"The future tendency of prices with cattle will probably be to advance, on account of the improbability of increasing the stock of cattle as rapidly as the population is augmenting. But this advance will be slow and uncertain for a number of years. It will be at least three years before the stock of cattle has been reduced to the proportion, as compared to population which existed in 1878, and then the mean price of steers was but $4.25 per 100 pounds, or 82 cents less than in 1888. In other words, the prices of steers for several years in the future will depend more upon the prices of hogs, upon the value of the exports of cattle and beef products, and upon the proportion of steers marketed, than any changes likely to occur in the number of cattle per 1,000 of population which exist in the country."

This "proportion of cattle" to population is not a safe guide in making estimates of the amount of beef in the country. The beef obtained from a given number of cattle is considerably larger than it was a few years ago. This is due to the introduction of thoroughbred stock, resulting in carcass that are marketed younger, weigh more and yield an increased proportion of edible meats. The department finds that the prices paid for steers have always followed the prices of hogs and of corn up or down. We hope the department's prophecy will be true and that cattle growing will once more prove profitable.—*New Yorker.*

Securing Fine-Grained Meat in Swine.

When we order a Bantam or game hen, of about one and a half to two pounds weight for table use, we expect a finer quality of fiber in the flesh than can be obtained from the larger breeds, weighing six to eight pounds when properly fed. This expectation is well based, because the small fowl has the same number of fibers in its muscles as are present in the muscles of the larger fowl. The muscles correspond in number and distribution in both sorts, hence the size of the fibers settle all questions as to coarseness or fineness of meat. The growth of the animal progresses in a very different manner from that of a tree. The latter gains in diameter through the deposits of additional layers or fibers of wood and bark, and in additions to the size of the fibers, as in the case of swine, or other animals. Hence young swine furnish a finer fiber—a finer-grained flesh, as it is usually termed—than the full-grown specimen of the same breed.

The hog that will, when well fed, show a weight of 500 lbs. at two years, is expected to weigh 200 lbs. or thereabouts at ten to twelve months. Thus, while we secure—through breeding the larger breeds, and pushing the feeding with a liberal hand from the start—an excellent quality of meat, with a fine fiber, in the case of the young hog, still, the writer has proved by repeated trials that the rule is applicable to poultry, namely: That the flesh of the small breeds suits the epicure better than the large breeds—holds good with the flesh of swine. The rule here set forth regarding the size of fiber holds good equally with the steer, hence there is a gain to be made by pushing the calf from birth; as by this mode we turn to ready penny, and secure a better quality of meat—better on account of having a finer fiber, and at the same time less fat—less than is so commonly found in aged cattle.

It makes little or no difference in market as to what the inner structure of a pig may be, as dealers and shippers buy upon the outward form and conditions; so with the home and local use this feature is of high significance. It will pay any farmer well to study the quality of swine meat closely; and while he will of course be governed by the demands of the market to which he may ship, mainly, he can also breed in a way to cater to the tastes within his own household.

Those who grew and ate the meat of swine in Pliny's time doubtless ate coarse meat, as Columella, Varrs, and others, speak of very large swine in their day. Pliny wrote that swine fed kindly, it requiring only a month or two to make them fit for the knife. The ancients placed no little importance on the plan of permitting swine to run at large, claiming that the eating of roots found in timber-land and marshes expedited the fattening and improved the flavor, and edible qualities of the flesh. It is not difficult to understand how this could be, as our plan of feeding, whether this be upon corn or still slops, renders the meat oily and rank, lacking greatly in the osmazome and rich meat juices supplied freely by the aromatic herbs and roots. The ancients claimed, and very properly so, that a variety of foods improved the appetite, while at the same time digestion was made more vigorous, and as a consequence growth was advanced.

Hence, while the texture—the grain of the meat—is the outgrowth of breeding for this result, still the flavor is largely the product of food given while in the growing and fattening state. The great size to which swine attained prior to that period known as the middle ages, was, to quite a degree, lost during the period referred to. Tillers of the soil became serfs, and the swine-feeding mainly. Diogenes issued a print representing an Arcadian and a pig seated face to face under an oak. The face of the Arcadian was made to look like the pig, while at the same time the face of the pig was made to look an Arcadian. But one conclusion can be drawn from this bit of history, namely: That no advantage of quality, either as to form, growing tendency, or high characteristics of meat, could occur during what was known as the dark ages—the period of serfdom. Giving due credit for the much we have learned, there remains yet much to learn. —*G. S., in Prairie Farmer.*

Five Poisons in the Cigarette.

To be healthy, the cigarette must be thrown away. It is very injurious, and sure death to the person who smokes it habitually.

Why? Tobacco in any form is bad; but in a cigarette there are five poisons, while in a good cigar there is only one.

In a cigarette there is the oil in the paper, the oil of nicotine, saltpetre to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild, and the oil in the flavoring.

The trouble with the cigarette is the inhalation of the smoke. If you blow a mouthful of smoke through a handkerchief, it will leave a brown stain. Inhale the smoke and blow it through the nostrils and no stain will appear. The oil and poison will remain in the head or body.

Cigarettes create a thirst for strong drink; and there should be anti-cigarette societies, as there are temperance societies.

Teachers ought to watch and see that their pupils do not smoke. In 1878 there were 900,000 cigarettes manufactured. Last year there were 1,200,000,000.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Sept. 21, says: Throughout the country the state of business is encouraging, and the only disheartening features are in connection with speculative operations. Stocks have not quite maintained the recent advance, the chief cause being the western railroad wars.

Speculation in breadstuffs and cotton has been at a slightly lower range of prices with but moderate transactions, and slackness of the consumptive demand causes a weaker tone in the coffee and sugar markets, without material change in prices. Oil speculation is a shade stronger and provisions steady.

At Boston a conservative feeling still rules the money market and business has not wholly recovered from recent setbacks, but is improving in wool and steady in leather and lumber.

At Philadelphia the jobbing dry goods trade continues good, the grocery trade improves, exceeding last year's; the paper trade decidedly revives; the liquor trade is active and drugs and chemicals moderately active, but in wool there is very little movement.

At Chicago there is a decline in receipts of wool and of grain, higher prices for wheat leading farmers to hold back, but a large increase in provisions. For the year thus far, trade exceeds last year's.

Milwaukee reports constantly improving business. Kansas City reports business collections a fair average for the season and Cleveland increasing activity, especially in iron ore.

At Omaha great crops give good business and collections, and at Pittsburg further improvement is seen in business in coal and steel, in coke and in coal, with resumption of glass works at 5½ per cent higher wages. Southern prospects also are encograging as to crops and present trade.

There is no where any stringency in money, the supply being ample for legitimate needs.

Foreign exchange has dropped half a cent, and possibilities of gold exports appear more remote, while merchandise exports for three weeks exceed last year's by 32 per cent, the increase in imports meanwhile being but 3 per cent. The treasury also has been so managed that its actual holdings of cash are $600,000 lower than last Saturday. Thus far the New York banks have been able to meet all demands for the interior without disturbance, but it is not forgotten that the demands are not yet over

WASHINGTON NEWS.

PUBLIC LANDS.

Commissioner Stone's Annual Report to Secretary Noble.

The annual report of the acting commissioner of general land office, William M. Stone, has been submitted to the secretary of the interior. In opening his report the commissioner refers to the accumulation of business in the office which had been left over from the former administration, and which was partly due to the increased work of the local land offices.

The system in force, he says, was not promotive of speedy dispatch of business, especially in case of the board of review created by Commissioner Sparks, which he abolished as a hindrance to the good, safe and quick work in the office. Commenting on Mr. Sparks's unfortunate and unwarranted suspicions that widespread system of fraud prevailed, and Mr. Sparks's assertion that "the proportion of fraudulent filings to the total number of filings made and relinquished, may be estimated in round numbers at one hundred per cent," Mr. Stone says: "This wholesale arraignment of claimants on public domain should not have been made without the most conclusive evidence to sustain it."

The report goes on to say no general misconduct on the part of the western settlers has thus been found. During the year 70,14 agricultural patents were issued, covering 11,791,119 acres of land, an increase over the preceding year of more than 3,000 000 acres. Mineral patents to the number of 913, covering an acreage of 17,096, were issued. There were patented for the benefit of the railroads under the law 420,046 acres, and under the swamp land grants to the states 259,721 acres.

The state selections under the educational grants were approved to the extent of 132,230 acres, and lands to the Indians patented under various acts to the amount of 159,390. The total cash receipts of the office from the sales of land and fees were $9 270,225, a decrease of more than $3,000,000 as compared with the previous year. During the year surveys were accepted to the amount of 4,544,372 acres, principally in Dakota, Montana and New Mexico.

Commissioner Stone calls attention "to certain allowances made to the deputy surveyors by the first comptroller of the treasury in the years of 1886 and 1887, which, in my opinion were grossly irregular and palpable and a usurpation of power and duties, specially belonging to the commissioner of the general land office."

The report refers to the unsettled condition of private land claims in New Mexico and Arizona, and the urgent need of Congressional action to settle the titles in these territories.

Referring to the act of March 3, 1887, which authorizes the secretary of the interior to adjust each of the railroad grants, and if any had been enormously certified or patented, to counterbalance such excesses by cancelling them, the report states that of the pending selections 21,660,846 acres have been suspended, awaiting action by congress.

Attention is called to the fact that more than 80,000,000 acres of land have been claimed under the swamp land act by various states, Florida alone, while having a total area of 37,931,520 acres, having listed for 22,221,469 acres of swamp land.

"There can be no doubt," says the report, "that the large quantities of land, amounting to millions of acres, have been patented to the state erroneously as swamp, when, in fact, they were good agricultural lands."

The work of examining the exparte mineral entries is said to be two and a half years in arrears. The report recommends that when a homestead or pre-emption claimant receives a patent and mineral is discovered, subsequently, on his claim, his certificate of entry shall act as a bar to any mining claim upon the discovery made subsequent to entry.

The report recommends a repeal of all laws relating to public timber, and an enactment of a general law, plain, concise and unmistakable in its meaning. Fewer fraudulent entries have been made during the year than for many years past, owing to the increased vigilance, but nevertheless cases are mentioned in the report where syndicates sought to obtain coal lands by fraudulent means, and in one case, had they succeeded, the commissioner would have amounted to $350.000.

The opening of Oklahoma is referred to as the most important for several years in the administration of the land office.

MAY BE BROWN.

It Looks as Though the Next Commissioner Might Come From Ohio.

As there is less of Merrill, so there is more of Brown, and it really looks now as though Ohio was going to be benefitted by the removal of Tanner.

Gen. Chas. E. Brown of Cincinnati, is undoubtedly in the lead now unless it should be that Major Warner finally decides to pierce the President by deciding to fill the vacant chair in the pension bureau.

The pressure that has been brought to bear on Warner has been immense, and many who realized its force have wondered why he did not succumb long ago. If he shall elect to be a lawyer at $50,000 a year rather, than a government official at less than $6,000, then Gen. Brown will stand the best chance. Merrill is, of course, entirely out of the race. He withdrew because he had to.

Had he refrained from confiding his true feelings to the deadly interviewers he would have been the man, but his foolish gabble about Tanner's nastiness knocked him out without doing Tanner any harm. Although the Corporal is out of office, he is still a power, and that fact gives weight to Brown's candidacy, for Tanner favors Brown.

Gold and Silver.

R. P. Rothwell, of New York, editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, has been made chief special agent to take charge of the collection of the statistics of gold and silver for the eleventh census. This inquiry is regarded as by far the most difficult among the mining industries, particularly in the matter of showing the production by states. This is on account of the increasing practice of mining ores in one state and smelting them in another. Mr. Rothwell, it is said, is entirely familiar with recent progress in gold and silver smelting. He has been engaged in the collection of mineral statistics for many years. Baird Halberstadt, of Pittsburg, has been made a special agent to assist in the collection of coal statistics. Mr. Halberstadt is familiar with the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and will be engaged to duty with special agent Ashburner, at Pittsburg, Pa.

United States Sinking Fund.

The estimated requirements of the sinking fund for the present fiscal year are $48,000,000. The total amount already applied to this purpose since the beginning of the fiscal year by the purchase of bonds is $32,940,573. The principal of these bonds was $27,237,600 and the premium paid is $5,702,973. The expenditures on account of the bonds invested, $24,257,511 for $19,053,350, four per cents, and $8,683,032 for $8,814,250, 4½ per cents. There is yet about $15,000,000 required for sinking fund purposes.

Treasury Appointments.

The secretary of the Treasury has made the following appointments in the internal revenue service: Wm. S. Mygrant, storekeeper and gauger, Ninth Pennsylvania district; George A. Fay, Wm. E. Thomas, Francis D. Tyree, Jesse R. Taylor and Nathan C. Woodcock, storekeepers and gaugers, Fifth Tennessee; John T. Falconer, gauger, first California; L. T. Calkins, storekeeper, Nebraska.

Ready to Sail.

Frederick Douglass, United States minister to Hayti, was at the department of State on September 21 receiving his final instructions. He will sail for his post Saturday, the 28th, from Norfolk or Fort Monroe, on either the U. S. steamer Ossipee or Kearsarge, as may be determined by the navy department.

Minister to Greece.

Mr. Snowden, United States minister to Greece, was at the state department on Sept. 23 and received his final instructions preparatory to sailing in a few days for his new post.

To Build the Cruisers.

Secretary Tracy, on Sept. 19, finally decided to build the two 3,000 ton cruisers in the government navy yards.

One Appointment.

The only executive work done at the White House cottage at Deer Park on Sept. 23 was the appointment of Edward Knott as marshal for the northern district of Iowa, in place of Wm. Desmond, who, having served four years, accepted an appointment for a county office.

Toledo Collector Appointed.

The President has appointed George Waldorf to be collector of internal revenue for the Tenth district of Ohio.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.

The French Elections Show a Crowning Victory for the Republicans.

Official returns from 536 electoral divisions on Sept. 23, show that the Republicans have elected their candidates in in 244 and the anti-Republicans in 159. Re-ballots will be necessary in 157 divisions. Among the prominent Republicans elected are M. Falieres, Ribot, Jules Roche, Granet, Develle, Deschanel, Barbe, Sarrian and Remach.

Among the prom nent opposition candidates elected are: Mm. Laion, Fould, Hausselain, Godelle, Lanjuinais and Mun.

The Republicans also rely on electing the ten members from the colonies. They will thus hold 354 seats in the new chamber of deputies.

In official circles a government majority is considered assured. Although the majority will not be large, it will be more compact and more homogenous than that in the last chamber.

Returns from the elections in Paris, show that the conservatives did not elect a single member, while the Republicans returned one, and the Boulangists four. Re-ballots will be necessary in 37 divisions. M. Thevenet, minister of justice, has been re-elected, but re-ballots will be necessary in the districts in which M. Constans, minister of the interior, and M. Yves Guyot, minister of public works, were candidates. Their election, however, is regarded as certain.

Among the Republicans elected there are sixteen moderates and 57 radicals. The opposition members elected include 86 royalists, 51 Bonapartists, and 22 Boulangists.

Re-ballots will be necessary in 157 divisions. It is expected that 135 of these will return Republicans. The Republicans will probably also win the seats for the colonies. The ne v Chamber will probably consist of 369 Republicans and 201 members of the opposition.

VIEWED FROM LONDON.

A Crisis Passed in the French Republic.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* comments on the seriousness of the voting in France. He thinks there has been a great relative fall in the power of the Boulangist party since January. He predicts that both Boulanger and Roquet will be defeated in the second ballots, and says that four-fifths of the re-ballots are likely to result in favor of the Republicans.

All the correspondents of the London newspapers dwell upon the gravity displayed by the electoins.

The government left to the mayor's discretion to declare null and void all votes cast for the condemned Boulangists.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* comes to the conclusion that on the second ballots, the reactionaries and Boulangists combined, will be far from having the strength they expected.

The correspondents describe the interest shown in the election as the most general ever noticed on any occasion of the kind. It seems to be the popular feeling in the French capital that a genuine crisis has been reached. A common remark is that Sunday was the most important for France since the day of Sedan. The anxiety to obtain returns indicating the result throughout the provinces is very marked, and every scrap of news bulletined at the leading newspaper offices ero being eagerly scanned by large crowds of people. The election is conspicuously an expression of the popular will, and in this respect differs from the many previous French elections, which were merely the registration by the people of a result already achieved by their leaders.

GLADSTONE AND BALFOUR.

The Grand Old Man sees a Bright Future For England's Workmen.

Mr. Gladstone received a deputation of liberals from Hyde at Hawarden on Sept. 23. In response to the address presented by the deputation, Mr. Gladstone said that the issue of the dock laborers' strike was pregnant with hope for the future of labor in England. The political outlook, he declared, was very hopeful for the liberals.

Mr. Balfour referred his reference to the endowment of a Catholic university in Ireland at the end of the session of Parliament a cunning stroke of statesmanship, which would split the Liberal party to pieces. A similar dodge in 1888 had driven the Irishmen into support of the tories.

The letter written by Mr. Balfour to the secretary of the Protestant alliance, in which he says the question of a foundation endowment for the proposed university has never been considered by the government, is, Mr. Gladstone said, the shabbiest part of this shabby proceeding.

To Be Sold Into Slavery.

The captain, four sailors and one passenger of a Spanish vessel, which was captured by natives off the coast of Morocco, have been carried into the interior of the county, it being the object of their captors to sell them into slavery. The Spanish government will make an immediate demand on the Sultan of Morocco that the prisoners be restored to liberty.

To support its demand on the sultan of Morocco for the release of the captain, four of the crew and passengers of the Spanish vessel which was captured by natives of the Riff coast, and who, it is believed, were taken into the interior to be sold into slavery, the Spanish government has ordered a fleet of war ships to proceed at once to Tangiers. Ten thousand troops have also been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to embark for Morocco. It is still hoped, however, despite these preparations, that the prisoners will be released without the necessity of resorting to extreme measures.

France Fears Nobody.

After the review of the troops by M. De Freycinet, minister of War, at St. Michel, on September 18, Gen. De Miribel, commander of the sixth army corps, made an address to the officers. He said that France, supported by the army, had been relinquished to her former rank among the nations.

She feared nothing nor nobody. M. De Freycinet also delivered an address. He congratulated the troops upon their splendid appearance and discipline, and said that with such an army France was secure and could command respect.

Floods and Landslides.

Advices from different parts of Mexico say very heavy storms have been sweeping over that country since August 15, visiting different states at different times. The latest prevailed along the Pacific coast, and reports from Mazatlan and Manzanillo are that the steamers Pontillo, Diaz and Alata have probably been wrecked.

After a five days' steady rain in the state of Vera Cruz a cyclone passed over the town of Chicuelapec, causing great destruction, and to add to the terror of the inhabitants a great landslide occurred on the mountain back of the town, a part of which passed directly through the town, cutting a great swath through the build ngs and carrying away everything in its path.

A torrent of water then poured down the gully made by the landslide and flooded that part of the place not already destroyed. There was no loss of life, however, as the people had warning and sufficient time to escape, but the destruction in crops and loss of cattle was very great.

To Supress the Slave Trade.

With the object of assisting Great Britain and Germany in suppressing the slave trade, the Sultan of Zanzibar has issued an edict empowering commanders of German war ships to search all Zanzibar dhows and other boats. The decree also provides that every person who enters the Sultan's dominions after November shall be free.

London Stevedores Claim "Bleak Legs" are Being Retained.

The stevedores employed on the East India dock, at London have again gone out on strike. They claim that the companies are not engaging the old hands as they agreed to do when the strike was settled.

Starving to Death.

The venerable Archdeacon Reeve who has a mission in the Athabasca district at Fort Chippewayan, 500 miles north of Edmonton, is in Winnepeg. He says there are less than 400 Indians at Fort Chippewayan, so many having died during the past four seasons. Two months ago 30 died from starvation. Last winter a number died owing to previous privations, which could not be called actual death from starvation, though in reality this was the indirect cause.

GENERAL NEWS.

CATTLE SUPPLY.

A Review of the Country Shows a Falling Off.

The *Farmers' Review*, of Chicago, says: Relative to the present supply of cattle, as compared with that of last year, the reports of our correspondents show a falling off of 2 to 5 per cent in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan and Minnesota. In Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin the number is about the same as last year. Dakota shows an increase of 4 per cent. The condition of cattle is very good as a general rule. The proportion of correspondents reporting only "fair" condition is about 10 per cent in Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Kansas and Nebraska 7 per cent; in Dakota 15 per cent; in Ohio, Missouri and Iowa 18 per cent; in Michigan 30 per cent; in Wisconsin 34 per cent, and in Minnesota 37 per cent. In the state last mentioned four counties report "condition poor."

Most of the cattle are grass-fed, and Dodge county, Neb., reports the condition so good that but few animals will be fed grain; a larger proportion than usual will be shipped from the ranges direct. In many counties in Illinois a goodly proportion of the best cattle have already been marketed, the present supply consisting of young animals, and many calves are being slaughtered for veal. In parts of Missouri, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin and Dakota cattle are thin on account of short pasture. A good many farmers in the northwest have begun to feed, but the short crop of hay in many localities will send a good many animals to market.

In Kearney and a few other counties in Kansas the reverse is true and farmers are holding cattle to consume the surplus feed. We summarize as follows, the reports of our correspondents relative to the supply of cattle as compared with last year:

Illinois 97 per cent; Indiana 99; Ohio 96; Kentucky 95; Missouri 100; Iowa 100; Kansas 98; Nebraska 99; Michigan 95; Wisconsin 100; Minnesota 98; Dakota 104.

BRINGING IN THE SEALS.

The Schooner Beatrice Catches 1,200 Without Seeing the Rush.

The sealing schooner Beatrice, Capt. McKell, arrived at Victoria, B. C., from Behring sea on September 19, with 1,200 sealskins. The Beatrice left Behring sea August 28. The captain says he never once sighted the U. S. S. Rush. On August 16 he lost three canoes each containing two Indians who were unable to find their way back to the ship from the fishing grounds on account of the fog.

The captain remained in the neighborhood for days hunting them, but nothing was seen of them. The captain thinks, however, that they were picked up by a schooner which passed about that time.

The schooner Maggie Mac arrived last night from Behring sea, with 1,390 sealskins. She was overhauled by the Rush after a three hours' chase, on August 27, by Lieut. Tuttle, allowed her to proceed after examining her papers, and as the skins seemed to be several days old. Capt. Dodd said he had resolved to fight rather than surrender his vessel or the skins.

LONG LOST MINE.

The "Maria Roman" Believed to Have Been Located Again.

Intelligence was brought to Monterey, Cal., on Sept. 22, by one of the Foreman boys who lives near the head of the Carmel river, that the long lost mine known by early settlers as the "Maria Roman mine," had been found. He had often been told how this Indian woman used to go away and in the course of a few days return with large amounts of silver ore.

Where the mine was located had always been a mystery. The mine if accounts are correct, is located near the head of the Carmel river, some 15 miles from Monterey, and was found by Mr. Foreman while deer hunting. He also found the old furnace and instruments which Maria used to crush ore. The news has created great excitement here and several parties are making preparations to go to the mine.

TWO STATES AT WAR.

Virginia and Maryland at Outs on the Oyster Question.

The oyster-gathering citizens of Maryland accuse Virginia oysterers of a wanton violation of the oyster laws governing the Potomac river. The Virginians claim that their acts are sanctioned by their state. In 1884 a compact was formed between Virginia and Maryland, which gave both states equal rights on the Potomac regarding oyster catching. Each state enacted laws for the mutual preservation of the oyster beds.

The laws are alike, and apply to citizens of both states. Dredging in the Potomac is prohibited between the 1st of April and the first of November. Now Virginians are taking oysters at the mouth of the Potomac, the state of Virginia, they claim, having granted permits for that purpose. The oyster men in Maryland are excited over it, and say they are determined that the state of Maryland shall hold Virginia to a strict observance of the law.

One Commission That Had Little Difficulty in Its Work.

The federal commission, consisting of Gen. Benjamin Simpson, N. B. Humphrey and J. H. Schape, appointed to treat with the Coeur d'Alene Indians for the purchase of mineral and timber lands and navigable waters confined within their reservation, has returned to Portland, Ore., having succeeded in their mission. They spent about two weeks in the examination of the reservation.

The Indians have good roads, fine farms, buildings and fences, and as fertile and beautiful a section of country as one could wish. The Indians offered about half as much land as the commission wanted for $2,000 000. They claimed that the mineral land was very valuable, and one of them had some fine specimens of gold-bearing quartz from a ledge which he said he had traced for three miles.

The Indians at last consented to sell 250,000 acres of the north end of their reservation for $500,000, and an agreement to this effect was signed by the commissioners, Gen. Sallez, the chief, the head men, and the adult males of the tribe to the number of 140.

If the agreement made with the Indians is confirmed, the mineral lands will be covered with prospectors. The commission will be occupied for some ten days in making up their report, which will then be taken to Washington by Gen. Simpson.

An Ex-Officer Arrested in Montana for Embezzlement.

William B. Webb was arrested at Helena, Mont., on Sept. 18 on a warrant sworn out by United States District Attorney Weed, charging him with embezzling the funds of the United States while acting as secretary of the territory. Webb was appointed secretary of Montana in 1885, by President Cleveland, and held office until removed by President Harrison last April.

When his successor was appointed it became apparent that there was a shortage in Webb's accounts and Special Agent Moore of the treasury department was sent out here to investigate the matter. Moore's examination of Webb's books already shows a deficit of over $4,000 and is still in progress. The investigation, however, had advanced far enough to warrant Webb's apprehension and an order for his arrest was received yesterday from United States Attorney General Miller.

It is said the shortage will amount to $5,000 or $6,000. Webb was a high liver while in office and his peculations ran back for two or three years. In most cases they are covered by vouchers which Webb got the payees to sign in blank.

Webb appeared this afternoon before United States Commissioner Connolly and was placed under $5,000 bond to appear on October 4 next, the bond being promptly furnished.

Webb was appointed secretary of the Democratic state committee at the opening of the campaign, but it is now thought he will resign.

Wants the Half-Breeds.

Mr. A. E. Ivy, of the Cherokee nation, is in Atlanta as an ambassador to secure the emigration to the nation of all half breeds who remain in Georgia. It is over 50 years since the Cherookees removed from Georgia, but many who had formed white alliances were left behind, and their children are among the most substantial citizens of the state.

Mr. Ivy says that the Cherokees have resolved upon maintaining their existence, and wish to increase their number by the addition of all who are willing to return to the old tribe. In a few weeks 75 half-breed families will leave for the nation, to be followed later by still others.

WOOL MANUFACTURERS.

The Executive Committee in Session in Boston.

The executive committee of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers was in session at Boston on Sept. 18. The question of free carpet wools is one of the principal topics under discussion. The association quarterly bulletin, just published, says editorially:

"It is admitted that the 1867 duties upon carpet wools were not designed to serve as protective duties, but were imposed for purely revenue purposes. We cannot subscribe to the claim now made that conditions have so changed in 20 years that a protective duty is now desirable and would be advantageous. The argument is, that the conditions then existing, which removed all necessity for a protective duty on carpet wools have been increased and intensified by the lapse of time.

A prohibitory or highly protective duty on the cheaper grades, would not lead to the production, in this country, of wools similar to those now imported for this purpose. Manufacturers would be justified in insisting that the low grade carpet wools shall go upon the free list. These low grade carpet wools are almost the only raw material upon which a revenue was imposed when the government needed the money, from which it has not since been removed, or it is not there (in the Senate tariff bill) proposed to remove it.

"The argument in favor of free carpet wools is vastly stronger than that which was made for free hides. The difficulty in the way of giving the manufacturer the full benefit of the principle, arises from the trouble in securing at the custom houses the classification necessary for the prevention of fraud. We hold this difficulty to be the only valid argument that can be urged against the free admission of carpet wools."

During the afternoon resolutions were adopted declaring that the Sixty-seventh congress reduced the specific duties upon the manufactured product so far beyond the reduction in the duties on wool as to destroy their compensatory character, causing increasing importations of certain goods to flood a market that the woolen manufacturers of the United States should occupy; that the woolen manufacturers demand a revision of the tariff; that in every instance there shall be placed on the manufactured product the full amount of the specific duty necessary to compensate whatever rate of duty public policy may require to be imposed upon the raw material; that as existing duties afford nearly 20 per cent less protection than was deemed necessary for the development of the industry when the rates of 1887 were fixed, the association demands an increase in the ad valorem duties, and ask for the adoption of the single rule of duty as applicable to each branch of the woolen schedule and for the abolition of the system of minimums.

It is held that no rate of duty on wool can be protective if the American grower, which are not accompanied by corresponding duties, compensatory and protective, upon the manufactured articles sufficient to enable the American manufacturer to hold the home market. The resolutions solemnly and emphatically protest against making the woolen industry any longer the foot-ball of politics. The resolutions will be submitted to the annual meeting of the National association to be held in New York, October 2.

STEALING FUNDS

Contributed for the Fire Sufferers at Spokane Falls.

A very disgraceful exposure has just been made at Spokane Falls, which implicates two members of the common council in that city, and a police officer. The names of the persons implicated are Sidney D. Waters, Peter Ducker and Wm. Gillespie.

These men are charged with having formed a conspiracy to appropriate the funds and supplies furnished by contribution for the relief of those who suffered by the recent disastrous fire at Spokane.

Several weeks ago Robert Inglis was arrested at Chico, Cal., on a charge of having sold provisions and other supplies and appropriated the proceeds. He was suspected but made his escape from Spokane Falls. However, he was captured at Chico, and on being brought back made the startling statement that a conspiracy existed among the officials and others for the appropriation of the relief supplies on a large scale.

Inglis was examined and admitted to bail but has since disappeared. The supposition is that he was bought off. A partial investigation has been made. It shows that several thousand dollars worth of goods have been stolen and converted into money. A report has been made which seriously implicates Councilmen Dueber and Waters and Police Officer Gillespie.

WINDOW GLASS COMBINE.

All the Factories of the United States to be Under One Management.

A Chicago paper of Sept. 23, published an interview with George F. Kimball, a dealer in window glass, in regard to the United Glass company purchasing all the window glass plants in Illinois, in which Mr. Kimball says: "A window glass trust had been formed and the committee to arrange for the transfer of the western factories was in Chicago last week. The works at Streator, Ottawa, Rock Island and other places in the west have passed into the hands of the owners of the New York concerns, the properties being bought outright.

"The purchaser is the United Glass company of New York, capitalized at $3,000,000. In some cases stockholders in the local companies have exchanged their holdings for stock in the "trust" company. It is intended to place the 500 window glass factories of the country under one management. The main office of the company is in New York."

Wyoming Territory.

In the Wyoming constitutional convention, on Sept. 18, the suffrage committee reported in favor of universal suffrage. Campbell, of Laramie, submitted an amendment that the woman suffrage plank be submitted separately to a vote of the people. This was lost by a vote of 30 to 8.

In the Wyoming convention on September 22 a proposition to embody in the constitution a clause providing for the appointment of a state board of arbitration to determine and settle differences between employes and employers was adopted. A bill providing for the establishment of state militia was passed. A proposition to establish a supreme court consisting of six judges, separate and distinct from the district court, meets with much opposition from the advocates of an economical system of judiciary.

The Wyoming statehood convention has adopted as part of the constitution, a suffrage chapter. Female citizens are to vote. The severest qualifications are requirements that all electors shall be able to read English, shall be full fledged citizens, and have had six months' residence in Wyoming. Each stipulation was opposed vigorously by a couple of corporation attorneys. Ballots to contain the names of all candidates will be issued by state officers.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation—A Grand Celebration.

Sept. 23 being the 27th anniversary of the issuance of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, the colored people of Illinois and neighboring states celebrated the occasion with considerable pomp and ceremony at Springfield, Illinois. Delegations from points in Iowa, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, and from the principal cities of Illinois, to the number of 15,000 arrived. Speeches were delivered by Governor Fifer, Attorney General Hunt, Senator Cullom, Sidney Hinton (first colored representative in the Indiana legislature), ex-Governor P. B. S. Pinchback, of Louisiana, and a host of others. John R. Lynch, fourth auditor of the treasury, delivered the oration of the day. An organization to be known as the Ex-Slaves' union is also to be formed.

Smugglers at Work.

For several months the government had made no effort to prevent the sale of liquor in Guthrie, Oklahoma, and as time went on the liquor smugglers became emboldened and over a dozen groceries have been running in full blast during the last month. The granting of licenses was refused, yet to all appearances the government winked at its sale. On Sept. 20, however, a deputy United States collector dropped into the city unexpectedly, and before night, 22 men were under arrest and will be sent to Wichita for trial.

Arrived on the Coast.

E. H. Pratt and John Allen, who left New York city the 14th of last May on horseback, with the intention of crossing the continent, arrived at Sacramento on Sept. 19, having ridden horseback the entire distance.

DISCUSSING UTAH.

The Election Commissioners Ready to Make Their Report.

The Utah election commissioners were at work at Chicago, September 21 on their annual report to the secretary of the Interior. The full board was present, consisting of Col. G. L. Godfrey, chairman, of Des Moines, Iowa; ex-Lieutenant Governor Robertson, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Judge A. B. Williams, of Arkansas; ex-Senator Alvin Saunders, of Omaha, and Gen. John B. McClernand, of Springfield. Governor Robertson and Judge Williams, the sub-committee on the preparation of the report, were engaged finishing their work.

They completed the report and submitted it to the committee for adoption and change. The report is a formidable document of forty pages of legal cap, not differing in length from the previous annual reports.

It is understood that the report will reflect very largely Governor Robertson's views. A subject that will be treated in the report is the recent Salt Lake City election, in which, owing to the peculiar municipal election regulations, the council members are compelled to secure election by a majority of the votes cast in the entire city. For this reason the Gentile wards have not been able to obtain representation. The committee, in accordance with the statute provisions, appointed registrars and issued instructions to the election officers for the next election in February, and it is thought, will recommend additional legislation. It is also understood that other recommendations may be made as follows:

That many of the territorial and county officers and superintendents of the district schools be appointed by the President or governor.

That the district courts be given greater powers of jurisdiction in cases of polygamy anywhere in the territory.

Exempting prosecutions for such offenses from the statute of limitations.

That it be a penal offense for a woman to enter the polygamous relation, and extending the term of imprisonment for such offense.

Depriving polygamists from entering and acquiring public lands.

Forbidding the immigration of those believing in polygamy, and the adoption of a law similar to what is known as the Idaho law, disfranchising persons who belong to an organization which teaches and upholds polygamy.

FROM A NEGRO STANDPOINT.

A Southern Paper Discusses the Exodus Scheme.

The *Plain Speaker*, a weekly newspaper, of Charleston, S. C., edited by colored men, came out on Sept. 20 with the following editorial on the proposed exodus of the colored people from the south:

"A great deal is being said just now in some of the leading journals of the south concerning the dispersion of the negro. The *Plain Speaker* has not seen fit to say very much about it, for the reason that we considered the subject as discussed a huge joke.

"The idea of deporting millions of free American citizens to Cuba, Mexico or any other place is simply preposterous. Our position touching the the subject is this: We understand our constitutional rights, and consider it presumptuous on the part of any one to dictate to free men as to whether they must go or stay. Again, we take this view of the situation: In those sections of the south, and in other southern states where the negro is oppressed as a laborer, has poor wages paid him, and that in checks and orders where he is forced to pay exorbitant prices for the necessaries of life, where he is cruelly treated and there is no redress; we repeat, in those sections where this is the case, we advise that a demand be made for better treatment, and if that be not given, then we counsel that systematic steps be taken to inaugurate an emigration scheme similar to the one devised in North Caroilna.

"We think it in order now for the farmers and merchants to speak out touching this important matter. The quicker the better, since many of the journalists have had their say. This might as well be stated: There are thousands of negroes in this state who have worked hard and saved their scanty earnings, have purchased comfortable homes and are building school-houses and churches. They are educating their children and are concerned in the various enterprises which tend to build up the communities in which they live. They will not emigrate. They will continue to live and will die in the sunny south."

Buffalo Workmen Protest Against Canadian Intruders.

At a meeting of the local assembly of the Central Labor Union, at Buffalo, Sept. 23 the question of prohibiting Canadian labor in that city came up, and was discussed at some length. It was claimed that every morning a large number of Canadians came over to that city to work. They worked for from 50 to 75 cents a day less than the American laborer, and also worked an hour longer each day.

The names of some sixteen or eighteen Canadians who came across by the ferry every day had been furnished the United States district attorney by the committee, and the meeting had been done in the matter. The Canadians continued to come here to work and were, by their competition, causing great injury to the laboring men of this city. The sentiment of the meeting was practically unanimous, and a motion to appoint a committee to seek advice in regard to the alien laborers was carried with a rush.

Chinese Still Coming.

In the face of the exclusion act the importation of Chinamen is increasing largely. The Gallic brought 169 besides the embassy, to San Francisco, on Sept. 18. Of these, 24 were women who will be landed on writs of habeas corpus as the wives of merchants.

They are, however, nothing of the sort, but it is said are brought here for immoral purposes, and the collector will make a strong objection to their landing.

The Chinese slave traffic is a growing business. Girls are bought from their parents for from $100 to $300 on the promise that they will be brought here and married. On their arrival they pass through the habeas corpus mill and are disposed of for $1,000 or $2,000 and placed in disreputable houses. The collector of the port says he will try to stop this traffic if he has to go into court himself.

Miners Make Another Discovery and Are Now Happy.

The lead mining industry near Dubuque, Iowa, has been in a comatose condition for some years but a discovery made on Sept. 19 at Sinsinawa Mound has created new excitement in the business. Three miners have been prospecting for some time on a farm about two miles north of Sinsinawa Mound.

While following an old lead one of the men struck a blow with his pick which opened up a cave. It was fully excavated, and a chamber about 22 feet square was disclosed. It was filled with great chunks of native galena, almost pure, some as large as water buckets. The three miners are jubilant, and expect to make further discoveries. A number of other miners are leaving to prospect in the same region.

Employes Organizing.

All labor unions and brotherhoods, comprising the employes' union of the Pacific system, have formed themselves into an organization which is to be known as the Brotherhood of Railway Employes. The amalgamation includes the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, firemen and brakemen, switchmens' union and Knights of Labor. The action has not yet been endorsed by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, but the subject will be presented at the annual meeting of the order in Denver, October 16. It is expected that this move well be followed by consolidation on all the roads in the United States.

Dressed Meat Laws Unconstitutional.

In the case of Henry E. Barber, arrested for selling meat at St. Paul, Minn., from cattle not inspected on the hoof, and brought before the United States court on a writ of habeas corpus, Judge Nelson on Sept. 23 rendered a decision deciding that the law is unconstitutional, as it interferes with commerce between the states. The prisoner was ordered discharged. Notice of an appeal to the Supreme court was given.

Injunction Dissolved.

Judge Preston, at Marion, Iowa, in the Ceracau litte case, which has agitated Masonic circles of late, decided to dissolve the injunction granted some time ago against the grand lodge. He took the ground that discipline does not necessarily mean expulsion, and consequently there was nothing to enjoin. The case will no doubt be appealed to the Supreme court and fought to the bitter end.

FIRST CAMPAIGN.

But One Week More of Deliberation in the New States.

But one week more remains of the first campaign in the four states of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington and their first experience in politics as states has not by any means been of the quiet order. This has been especially true in South Dakota.

In North Dakota it has been strictly a fight for party and party cannidates, with the usual proportion of boiters, and the same is true to a large extent of Montana and Washington, but in South Dakota the candidates for state offices have been almost lost sight of in the not and at times bitter contest for the location of the capital. At this election the voters will only decide on the temporary location of the seat of government, but the fight has been none the less energetic on that account.

Something in the neighborhood of a dozen towns were in the race at the start, but minor ones dropped out until now but six remain, and these are in to the death. Each claims some special source of strength not vouchsafed to the others, and each is confident of victory. Within a few days careful estimates of the result have been made by several of the competitors, and the results are far apart.

In 1885, when the South Dakota people formed the state of Dakota and asked admission, the vote on the capitol gave Huron first place with 12,695, while Pierre was some 2,000 behind that figure, and no other above 3,000. It is estimated that about 80 000 votes will be polled, and that 22,000 will be a plurality in the capital contest.

Huron figures that that city will receive 32,000, Pierre claims 30 000, Sioux Falls believes it will receive 28,000, and Watertown, Mitchell and Chamberlain are placed along in procession. Each one of the first named believes in its own success, and each will be in the race at the end, but it is not a human possibility to predict the result in this very uncertain contest.

HAD A CLOSE CALL.

A Hundred Thousand People Whose Hair Will Become Agitated.

The startling information is made public that a great catastrophe during the national encampment at Milwaukee was averted by a mere chance.

The sloping hillside at Juneau Park, where 100,000 people were seated on the night of the sham naval battle, was moved six inches. Had it not been for the stone roadbed of the railway at the foot of the hill, the whole side of the bluff would have slipped off into the lake, carrying the people with it.

The ground at the bottom of the hill is bulged, and at the top there are deep fissures where the sod and earth have been torn apart. Before the seats were erected many civil engineers had doubts about the safety of the bank, as much of it consisted of made ground.

THIRTY-FIVE HUNCRED.

A Close Estimate of the Number of Drowned in the Johnstown Flood.

The new directory of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, has just been published by C. B. Clarke, of Altoona. At the time of the flood the whole edition, which was in a book bindery here, was lost. From the proof sheets, however, the names were obtained and are now printed as they were before the flood, as well as a special record of those who were lost.

The number of drowned is put at 3,500 and that is considered a close estimate, it being impossible to obtain the exact figures. One of the things noted is that of the 95 unknowns and dead now in the flooded district, all but six were completely wiped out, and in those remaining the stock was destroyed, so that there was in fact total destruction by water.

Nebraska Forfeits Franchises Where the Railroads Fail to Come to Time.

The Supreme court of Nebraska, on September 19, rendered a decision in accordance with stipulations on file forfeiting the franchise of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway, from Niobrara to Atkinson. The charter was granted some eight years ago, but aside from the surveys and some little grading nothing has been done by the company to improve its rights.

Attorney General Luse has begun quo warranto proceedings in the Supreme court to forfeit the franchise of the Frenchman valley line of the Burlington & Missouri, which runs from Culbertson, Neb., on the Denver line to Holyoke, Col., on the Cheyenne line. The charter for this road was granted some four or five years ago and the grading done over two years.

Treasury Statement.

A statement prepared at the Treasury department shows there now remains in the treasury but $8,378,281 standard silver dollars that are not represented by silver certificates in circulation out of a total coinage of standard silver dollars to date of $381,283,650. This balance is about $10.000 000 less than it was a month ago, and about $85,000,000 less than it was July 31, 1886. It steadily decreased since the last mentioned date, but has never before been so small as at present. The silver certificates in circulation, amounting to $274,503,763, are mostly of small denomination, and the recent heavy issue is attributed to the usual fall movement of the crops.

Colored Baptists.

The American National Baptist convention (colored) closed its session at Indianapolis on Sept. 19. Resolutions were adopted, which close as follows:

"The convention believes that the truest interest of colored people lies in the acceptance of the Horace Greely doctrine of 'Young man, go West,' where they may obtain lands and grow up with the country. We ask the President of the United States to recommend to the United States congress an appropriation of $100,000,000 to aid the colored people to leave the South."

A committee was appointed to lay these resolutions before the President.

A Big Publishing House Closed by the Sheriff.

The mammoth publishing house of Belford, Clarke & Co., which has a large establishment at Chicago and branches in New York and San Francisco, went to the wall on Sept. 23. Judgments were entered against them in the Circuit court for $29,885 in favor of the Firt National bank, and for $13,000 in favor of S. A. Maxwell & Co. Attachments were issued, but shortly after the place was seized by the sheriff, and a receiver was appointed by Judge Shepard.

Justice Field Coming East.

Chief Justice Field, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Nagle, arrived in Chicago on Sept. 24 enroute to Washington.

He was accompanied by his wife and Miss C. Chamberlain, of San Francisco. It was reported that Deputy Nagle accompanied the Justice, but if so he did not leave the train. Judge Field declined to submit to an interview until he had had time to freshen up after his journey.

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